

CHRIST
in the
POETRY
OF TODAY

ELVIRA SLACK

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Christ in the Poetry of Today

An Anthology of American Verse

Compiled and Reassembled by

ELVIRA SLACK

From an Anthology Originated by

MARTHA FOOTE CROW

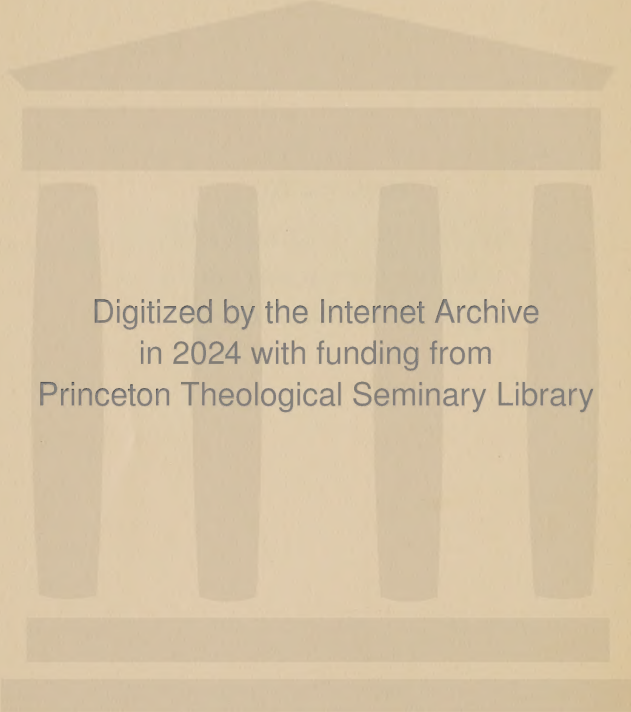


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DEDICATED TO
MY FATHER AND MOTHER
WHO HAVE TAUGHT ME
MOST ABOUT THESE THINGS



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PREFACE

THE selection of poems has not been limited to those that would build up a complete narrative of the life of Jesus. The choice differs from the former volumes, initiated by Martha Foote Crow, in that the range of verse has been widened to include not only poetry directly inspired by the biblical record of events, but verse that represents indirectly the influence of the ideals and nature of Jesus on this generation. Such influence is often unconsciously expressed. If one is to accord to Jesus the tribute we pay to all really great religious leaders—from whatever viewpoint we accept his influence—we must look into more than the verse that is woven out of the ancient gospel pattern of events. Our own response in action to his ways of viewing life should contain an even more delicate portraiture of Him.

Such a quest as this could hardly be made fully in one volume, but the beginning of such a spiritual curiosity as this has helped to formulate this collection. Jesus and the facts of his life lie like bright threads sketched into the very texture of our traditions; his ideas have tended to formulate our conceptions slowly into one large brotherhood of faith. In modern verse the characteristics of his nature appear, not faint or shadowy; they tend rather toward boldness. Such a revelation of the nature and ideals of Jesus lies wherever there is comradeship with his interests.

This is not to make any theological or formal statement as to his whole nature; it is merely to state the fact that the poets of our generation have caught from many angles the richness of his conceptions. But to get a complete por-

trait of what any one generation thinks of Jesus, one would have to evaluate all conceptions of human life, the poetry of deed and action as well as conceptions phrased in words, and, I suppose, no one volume could contain all.

From some such standpoint I have asked the reader to accept this volume. I have chosen as sections those themes that represent the largest bulk of the themes on the subject of Jesus written since 1920. In inheriting the task of making this volume, I found what seemed to me a wholly new type of verse, as if a period of saturation had set in. If there was less poetry motivated by worshipful feeling directed toward his person, there was evidently far more verse of worshipful exploration and interpretation, of poetry that blended communion and comprehension. I have kept much of the older type since it was spiritually discerning and sincere, but I have collected much of the new sort in the last few sections. It seems to me to say a very distinct thing about this generation's feeling toward Jesus. Searching here and there in volumes of poetry I have seen that his life, like a swiftly moving river, had been cutting its way through modern life, exposing the strata of soil even to the very depths, exhibiting both the weakness and the firmness of the soil, exhibiting at all times the unexhausted power of the current that is still making its unwearied way.

Because of the richness of the new poetry I have not been able to retain a large part of the poetry included by Mrs. Crow in the last volume of 1923. I have chosen to use a selection of nature poetry where verse expressed the beauty of wind, the seeds and the rain. In another section I have made room for a sort of poetry indicating the place of Jesus in the reminiscences of our childhood, tender with its associations for many people and homely with Him. In still another section I have chosen poetry that places one's

thought at the very center of human relationships, imperfect as they still are, in actual fact a glass that reflects Him but darkly, yet full of evidence of the fact that here it was that He most often centered men's thoughts, and that He has in no way lost caste with us because He still eats with publicans and sinners. To follow the large circumference of the poets' vision of life I have chosen to let the last section follow along many lines of radius each of which, if projected toward the outer circle, would bring us to a modern conception of the ideas of Jesus concerning peace and brotherhood and death, the sacrificial and the hidden grace. There is no need for one to say with finality, "Here He is portrayed" and "Here He is not," since it is thus in quiet, unostentatious ways that He has become often the divine master of human life. This is not merely verse with a Syrian cast of words, but, in Edwin Arlington Robinson's phrase, a reflection sought after at the place where life forces each of us to eat "the bread that every man must eat alone."

I should like to return to a statement made by Mrs. Crow in one of her former prefaces to these volumes. She spoke of the fact that in making the first volume she found very little poetry written about Jesus from 1890 to 1900, that in the years from 1905 to 1910 both amount and quality increased, tempting her to initiate this book. Such a comment would be specious were one to attempt to judge any one generation by it. Even then the influence of Jesus on the opinions of men would exist, permeating the whole. But it is true that themes have differed, have recurred and been transmuted into something else as the poets followed the focus points of their interests, with here and there some new insight exhilarating as wine. The whole tells something.

In continuing to use certain representative poems written

much before 1920, poems by William Vaughn Moody, Richard Watson Gilder, Sidney Lanier, Father Tabb and the less well known Ernest Howard Crosby, I have used an editor's privilege, since the poems seem to me to belong to any age of American poetry. I have also included a very few poems by non-American writers, but verse published in American magazines. I am deeply indebted to the Hon. Evan Morgan for his gracious permission to use two of his, also to Laurence Binyon and to Humbert Wolfe for poems of theirs without which this volume would be the leaner.

In other matters I should add that in all cases I have kept the capitalization used by the author in referring to Jesus. In conclusion I can express only briefly my gratitude to those who have helped to make this book possible: to Miss Rhoda E. McCulloch of The Womans Press; to Miss Dorothy V. Payne; to Mrs. Jesse Merrick Smith for invaluable help; to Mrs. William Vaughn Moody for permission to use two additional poems by Mr. Moody; to many poets for personal help, especially to John Hall Wheelock, Joseph Auslander, Herbert Seymour Hastings, Countee Cullen, and the late Marguerite Wilkinson; and, most of all, to my friend Martha Foote Crow in whose memory this book has been made a labor of love.

As old books would have it,—to you, Reader, and to all who, like a handful of Greeks of long ago, come asking what men of our day say of Jesus.

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THE NATIVITY OF JESUS

*Now have the homely things been made
Sacred, and a glory on them laid.*

EDWIN MARKHAM

A CHRISTMAS EVE CHORAL

Halleluja!

*What sound is this across the dark
While all the earth is sleeping? Hark!
Halleluja! Halleluja! Halleluja!*

Why are thy tender eyes so bright,
Mary, Mary?
On the prophetic deep of night,
Joseph, Joseph,
I see the borders of the light,
And in the day that is to be
An aureoled man-child I see,
Great love's son, Joseph.

Halleluja!

*He hears not, but she hears afar
The minstrel angel of the star.
Halleluja! Halleluja! Halleluja!*

Why is thy gentle smile so deep,
Mary, Mary?
It is the secret I must keep,
Joseph, Joseph;—
The joy that will not let me sleep,
The glory of the coming days,
When all the world shall turn to praise
God's goodness, Joseph.

Halleluja!

*Clear as the bird that brings the morn
She hears the heavenly music borne.*

Halleluja! Halleluja! Halleluja!

Why is thy radiant face so calm,
Mary, Mary?

His strength is like a royal palm,

Joseph, Joseph;

His beauty like the victor's psalm,

He moves like morning o'er the lands,

And there is healing in his hands

For sorrow, Joseph.

Halleluja!

Tender as dew-fall on the earth

She hears the choral of love's birth.

Halleluja! Halleluja! Halleluja!

What is the message come to thee,

Mary, Mary?

I hear, like wind within the tree,

Joseph, Joseph,

Or like a far-off melody,

His deathless voice proclaiming peace,

And bidding ruthless wrong to cease,

For love's sake, Joseph.

Halleluja!

Moving as rain-wind in the spring

She hears the angel-chorus ring.

Halleluja! Halleluja! Halleluja!

Why are thy patient hands so still,

Mary, Mary?

I see the shadow on the hill,
Joseph, Joseph,
And wonder if it is God's will
That courage, service, and glad youth
Shall perish in the cause of truth
Forever, Joseph.

Halleluja!
Her heart in that celestial chime
Has heard the harmony of time.
Halleluja! Halleluja! Halleluja!

Why is thy voice so strange and far,
Mary, Mary?
I see the glory of the star,
Joseph, Joseph,
And in its light all things that are
Made glad and wise beyond the sway
Of death and darkness and dismay,
In God's time, Joseph.

Halleluja!
To every heart in love 'tis given
To hear the ecstasy of heaven.
Halleluja! Halleluja! Halleluja!

BLISS CARMAN

Tidings that shall be to all people.

THE ANNUNCIATION

God whispered, and a silence fell; the world
Poised one expectant moment, like a soul
Who sees at Heaven's threshold the unfurled
White wings of cherubim, the sea impearled,
And pauses, dazed, to comprehend the whole;
Only across all space God's whisper came
And burned about her heart like some white flame.

Then suddenly a bird's note thrilled the peace,
And earth again jarred noisily to life
With a great murmur as of many seas.
But Mary sat with hands clasped on her knees,
And lifted eyes with all amazement rife,
And in her heart the rapture of the spring
Upon its first sweet day of blossoming.

THEODOSIA GARRISON

*The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and
the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee.*

A CAROL

Joseph was an old man;
Simple and tall was he,
Who went about in Bethlehem
To find, if it might be,

A little space beneath a roof,
For Jesus Christ to lie,
Safe, on His tender Mother's breast,
Until the dark went by.

He asked of women; he asked of men;
He asked of ox and ass,
All in a small and broken shed,
Out in the village grass.

The women said nay; the men said nay;
And nay the great inn said;
There was no otherwhere to go
But that ramshackled shed.

A-many a wind about it blew;
Its roof was withered and thin;
Oh, was that not a poor place
To house Christ Jesus in?

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

And she laid him in a manger.

A BALLAD OF MARY

Joseph's words were kindly words,
Joseph's hands were kind,
And the thoughts were kindly thoughts
Went across his mind.

Was no shining round his head;
Wore no raiment white;
And his words no music had,
And his face no light.

Joseph smoothed her pillow down,
Held a cup of mead,
Joseph's ways were thoughtful ways
For a woman's need.

As upon her stable-bed
Yellow-sweet with hay;
With deep eyes that none could read
Stilly Mary lay.

Slow she smiled and grateful-wise,
Let no half-look tell
Joseph seemed a sober man
After Gabriel.

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

And Joseph, being a righteous man—

THE HOSTS OF MARY

She came unto a great tree
With low boughs and fair,
Out of the hard road
And the moon's glare;
The cool shade encircled her
Like kind arms there.

She came unto a still brook
In a green place;
There did she wash the dust
From her sweet face;
There did she stoop and drink,
And rest a space.

The great tree, the little brook—
Kind hosts were they;
Think you she thought of them
At end of day,
When from the inn's closed door
She turned away?

THEODOSIA GARRISON

Then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice.

THE CEDARS OF LEBANON

Murmured all night in cedar'd Lebanon
The tree-tops' odorous sigh;
Murmured all night beneath the steadfast stars
In frosty sky.

Whispered the pines—O softly!—where the hills
Uplifted to the night,
A plaintive dream-song to the snowy earth
All virgin white.

Sighed the tall cedars; fragrant balsams wept;
The firs and hemlocks moaned;
While through their tremulous tops the sweeping winds
Their hymns intoned.

Think you the green trees slept while Mary grieved
In pain and travail sore?
Nay, night-long they watched with her, till at dawn
Her Babe she bore.

HELEN COALE CREW

The cedars of Lebanon, where the birds make their nests.

THE DOOR

*He came to us
Himself a Star!
He spoke to us
Himself a Song!*

The entrance to His place of birth
Was by a little Door,
So humble all might find Him there,
The wise, the rich, the poor.

A little Door, where cows had passed,
Opened to a King!
The Shepherds and the Wise Men bent
To see so fair a thing.

The talking trees upon the Door
Their chequered shadows cast.
"Ah, who shall know, and who shall know,
How He will go at last?"

Somewhere upon a far-off hill
At Christmas time,
At Christmas time,
A little Door creaks open still,—
It opens still.

HELEN SLACK WICKENDEN

*He that entereth in by the door
is the shepherd of the sheep.*

GATES AND DOORS

There was a gentle hostler
 (And blessed be his name!)
He opened up the stable
 The night Our Lady came.
Our Lady and Saint Joseph,
 He gave them food and bed,
And Jesus Christ has given him
 A glory round his head.

*So let the gate swing open,
 However poor the yard,
Lest weary people visit you
 And find their passage barred.
Unlatch the door at midnight
 And let your lantern's glow
Shine out to guide the traveler's feet
 To you across the snow.*

There was a courteous hostler
 (He is in Heaven tonight!)
He held Our Lady's bridle
 And helped her to alight,
He spread clean straw before her
 Whereon she might lie down,
And Jesus Christ has given him
 An everlasting crown.

*Unlock the door this evening
 And let the gate swing wide,
Let all who ask for shelter
 Come speedily inside.*

*What if your yard be narrow?
What if your house be small?
There is a Guest is coming
Will glorify it all.*

There was a joyous hostler
Who knelt on Christmas morn
Beside the radiant manger
Wherein his Lord was born.
His heart was full of laughter,
His soul was full of bliss
When Jesus, on His mother's lap,
Gave him His hand to kiss.

*Unbar your heart this evening,
And keep no stranger out,
Take from your soul's great portal
The barrier of doubt.
To humble folk and weary
Give hearty welcoming,
Your breast shall be tomorrow
The cradle of a King.*

JOYCE KILMER

And there was no room for them in the inn.

A CHRISTMAS FOLK-SONG

The little Jesus came to town;
The wind blew up, the wind blew down;
Out in the street the wind was bold;
Now who would house Him from the cold?

Then opened wide a stable door,
Fair were the rushes on the floor;
The Ox put forth a hornèd head;
"Come, little Lord, here make Thy bed."

Uprose the Sheep were folded near:
"Thou Lamb of God, come, enter here."
He entered there to rush and reed,
Who was the Lamb of God indeed.

The little Jesus came to town;
With ox and sheep He laid Him down;
Peace to the byre, peace to the fold,
For that they housed Him from the cold!

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

*And they came with haste . . .
and found the babe lying in a manger.*

ATTENDANTS

The mild-eyed Oxen and the gentle Ass,
By manger or in pastures that they graze,
Lift their slow heads to watch us where we pass,
A reminiscent wonder in their gaze.
Their low humility is like a crown,
A grave distinction they have come to wear,—
Their look gone past us—to a little Town,
And a white miracle that happened there.

An old, old vision haunts those quiet eyes,
Where proud remembrance drifts to them again,
Of Something that has made them humbly wise,
—These burden-bearers for the race of men—
And lightens every load they lift or pull,
Something that chanced because the Inn was full.

DAVID MORTON

Behold, this child is set for a sign.

FIVE CAROLS FOR CHRISTMASTIDE

NATIVITY SONG

The Ox he openeth wide the Doore
And from the Snowe he calls her inne,
And he hath seen her Smile therefor,
Our Ladye without Sinne.
Now soone from Sleepe
A Starre shall leap,
And soone arrive both King and Hinde;
Amen, Amen:
But O, the Place co'd I but finde!

The Ox hath hush'd his voyce and bent
Trewe eyes of Pitty ore the Mow,
And on his lovelie Neck, forspent,
The Blessed layes her Browe.
Around her feet
Full Warme and Sweete
His bowerie Breath doth meeklie dwell:
Amen, Amen:
But sore am I with Vaine Travèl.

The Ox is Host in Judah stall,
And Host of more than onelie one,
For close she gathereth withal
Our Lorde, her littel Sonne.
Glad Hinde and King
Their Gyfte may bring,
But wo'd tonight my Teares were there,

Amen, Amen:

Between her Bosom and His hayre!

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

*Ye shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling
clothes, and lying in a manger.*

THE DOGS OF BETHLEHEM

Many a starry night had they known,
Melampo, Lupina and Cubilōn,
Shepherd-dogs, keeping
The flocks, unsleeping,
Serving their masters for crust and bone.

Many a starlight, but never like this,
For star on star was a chrysalis
Whence there went soaring
A winged, adoring
Splendor outpouring a carol of bliss.

Sniffing and bristling the gaunt dogs stood
Till the seraphs, who smiled at their hardihood,
Calmed their panic
With talismanic
Touches like wind in the underwood.

In the dust of the road like gold-dust blown,
Melampo, Lupina and Cubilōn
 Saw strange kings, faring
 On camels, bearing
Treasures too bright for a mortal throne.

Shepherds three on their crooks a-leap
Sped after the kings up the rugged steep
 To Bethlehem; only
 The dogs, left lonely,
Stayed by the fold and guarded the sheep.

Faithful, grim hearts! The marvelous glow
Flooded e'en these with its overflow,
 Wolfishness turning
 Into a yearning
To worship the highest a dog may know.

When dawn brought the shepherds, each to his own,
Melampo, Lupina and Cubilōn
 Bounded to meet them,
 Frolicked to greet them,
Eager to serve them for love alone.

KATHARINE LEE BATES

*It is enough for the disciple
that he be as his master.*

NATIVITY

A West African Melody

Within a native hut, ere stirred the dawn,
Unto the Pure One was an Infant born.

Wrapped in blue lappah that His mother dyed,
Laid on His father's home-tanned deerskin hide,
The Babe still slept, by all things glorified.
Spirits of black bards burst their bonds and sang
"Peace upon earth," until the heavens rang.
All the black babies who from earth had fled
Peeped through the clouds, and gathered round His head,
Telling of things a baby needs to do,
When first he opes his eyes on wonders new.
Telling Him that to sleep was sweetest rest,
All comfort came from His black mother's breast.
Their gift was Love, caught from the springing sod,
Whilst tears and laughter were the gifts of God.
Then all the Wise Men of the past stood forth,
Filling the air, East, West, South, and North;
And told Him of the joy that wisdom brings
To mortals in their earthly wanderings.
The children of the past shook down each bough,
Wreathed frangipani blossoms for His brow;
They put pink lilies in His mother's hand,
And heaped for both the first fruits of the land.
His father cut some palm fronds, that the air
Be coaxed to zephyrs while He rested there.
Birds trilled their hallelujahs; falling dew
Trembled with laughter, till the Babe laughed too.
All the black women brought their love so wise,
And kissed their motherhood into His mother's eyes.

AQUAH LALUAH
(GLADYS CASELY HAYFORD)

Forasmuch, then, as God gave them the like gift.

THE LAD'S GIFT TO HIS LORD

Two shepherds and a shepherd lad
Came running from afar
To greet the little new-born One
Whose herald was a star.

All empty were their toil-worn hands,
And on the stable floor
The Wise Men knelt with precious gifts
The Saviour to adore.

"Oh! Here's my cloak," one shepherd cried,
"To keep the child from cold."
"And here's my staff," the other spake,
"To guide him on the wold."

The shepherd lad looked sadly down;
Not any gift had he,
But only on his breast a lamb
He cherished tenderly.

So young it was, so dear it was—
The dearest of the flock—
For days he had been guarding it,
Close-wrapped within his smock.

He took the little, clinging thing
And laid it by the Child,
And all the place with glory shone—
For lo! Lord Jesus smiled.

IMOGEN CLARK

And a little child shall lead them.

HIS CRADLE

It rocked and rocked for joy,
This battered world,
When Mary's little Boy
Up in it curled,
Despite its chill.
O may He fill
Today His chosen bed,
Through you and me,
Who love and help to spread
Simplicity.

HERBERT SEYMOUR HASTINGS

*The Word was made flesh,
and dwelt among us.*

THE STAR

Some only dreamed who followed it,
Some, knowing, bore rare gifts and bright,
And some, poor souls and lacks o' wit,
But followed where they saw its light;
Yet all were led (by Jesu's grace)
By the same star, to the same place.

There are as many roads to Love
As paths about the world may stray.
Some dip below, some wind above,
Yet one star shows to each his way;

And dreamer, king and lack o' wit
(By Jesu's grace) may follow it.

THEODOSIA GARRISON

*Wherefore thou art no more
a servant, but a son.*

THE CHRISTMAS STREET

Red of holly, swirl of snow,
Scurry of passing feet,
Jumble of people, high and low—
This is the Christmas street.
White man, black man, bishop, Jew—
Christ was born for all of you!

Cherished children, a hungry tot,
Sad little face and eye;
Chinaman, Negro, polyglot,
Tramp and tramping by.
Rich man, poor man, beggar man, too—
Christ has died for all of you!

Santa Claus, and mistletoe,
Newsboy, fakir, cheat,
Drab, and virgin, on they go—
This is the Christmas street.
Pass and pass, O motley crew—
Christ He lives in all of you!

MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

Behold, thy King cometh.

KINGS AND STARS

As they came from the East
Following a star,

One said
*The sun burns,
The moon changes,
Stars are faithful.*

One said
*They shine in all tongues,
Every heart knows them,
By starlight there are no borders.*

One said
*The world widens
By starlight,
The mind reaches;
Stars beget journeys.*

JOHN ERSKINE

*From whence can a man satisfy
these men with bread?*

CHRISTMAS

The frost is bright,
The lamps shine white
Along the city streets tonight.
The people throng
Those streets along
With here a jest and there a song.

Can they not hear
Where faint yet clear
Across the night-wind drawing near
Strange music swells
Of camel-bells,
While rich and deep the incense smells?

Too blind they are
To watch from far
The rising of the Sacred Star,
Too quick and proud
The hastening crowd
To pause before a Manger bowed.

O hearts of men,
Grow soft again,
Miracles happen now as when
On Mother Mild
The Saviour smiled.
Christ lives in every new-born child!

ANCHUSA (ANNE HIGGINSON SPICER)

O taste and see that the Lord is good.

THE CONSECRATION OF THE COMMON WAY

The hills that had been lone and lean
Were pricking with a tender green,
And flocks were whitening over them
From all the folds of Bethlehem.

The King of Heaven had come our way,
And in a lowly stable lay:
He had descended from the sky
In answer to the world's long cry—
Descended in a lyric burst
Of high archangels, going first
Unto the lowest and the least,
To humble bird and weary beast.
His palace was a wayside shed,
A battered manger was his bed:
An ox and ass with breathings deep
Made warm the chamber of his sleep.

Three sparrows with a friendly sound
Were picking barley from the ground:
An early sunbeam, long and thin,
Slanted across the dark within,
And brightened in its silver fall
A cart-wheel leaning to the wall.
An ox-yoke hung upon a hook:
A worn plow with a clumsy crook
Was lying idly by the wheel.
And everywhere there was the feel
Of that sweet peace that labor brings—
The peace that dwells with homely things.

Now have the homely things been made
Sacred, and a glory on them laid.
For He whose shelter was a stall,
The King, was born among them all.
He came to handle saw and plane,
To use and hallow the profane:
Now is the holy not afar
In temples lighted by a star,

But where the loves and labors are.
Now that the King has gone this way,
Great are the things of every day!

EDWIN MARKHAM

*And she brought forth her first-born son
. . . and laid him in a manger; because
there was no room for them in the inn.*

THE CHRIST-CHILD

A woman sings across the wild
A song of wonder sweet,
And everywhere her little Child
Follows her gliding feet.

He flutters like a petal white
Along the roadway's rim;
When He is tired, at latter-light,
His mother carries Him.

Sometimes a little silver star
Floats softly down the air,
Past mountains where the pure snows are,
And sits upon His hair.

Sometimes, when darkness is unfurled,
Upon her breast He lies,
And all the dreams of all the world
Flock to His dreamy eyes.

AGNES LEE

*According to the eternal purpose which
he purposed in Christ Jesus our Lord.*

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

Mother of the Baby God
Born in wondrous way,
Now His tiny, fumbling hands
On thy face will stray.
One searching so thine eyes may touch:
He must not find them wet!
Mother of the Baby God,
For this one day—forget!

CAROLINE GILTINAN

*And his father and mother were marveling
at the things which were spoken concerning him.*

HIS MOTHER IN HER HOOD OF BLUE

When Jesus was a little thing,
His mother, in her hood of blue,
Called to Him through the dusk of spring:
"Jesus, my Jesus, where are you?"

Caught in a gust of whirling bloom,
She stood a moment at the door,
Then lit the candle in the room,
In its pink earthen bowl of yore.

The little Jesus saw it all—
The blur of yellow in the street;
The fair trees by the tumbling wall;
The shadowy other lads, whose feet

Struck a quick noise from out the grass;
He saw, dim in the half-lit air,
As one sees folk within a glass,
His mother with her candle there.
Jesus! Jesus!

When He a weary man became,
I think, as He went to and fro,
He heard her calling just the same
Across that dusk of long ago.
Jesus!

For men were tired that had been bold—
And strange indeed this should befall—
One day so hot, one day so cold—
But mothers never change at all.
Jesus!

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

When Jesus therefore saw his mother—

CHILDHOOD

To be Himself a star most bright
To bring the wise men to His sight,
To be Himself a voice most sweet
To call the shepherds to His feet,
To be a child—it was His will,
That folk like us might find Him still.

JOHN ERSKINE

In him was life, and the life was the light of men.

THE GIFT OF GOD

Blessed with a joy that only she
Of all alive shall ever know,
She wears a proud humility
For what it was that willed it so,—
That her degree should be so great
Among the favored of the Lord
That she may scarcely bear the weight
Of her bewildering reward.

As one apart, immune, alone,
Or featured for the shining ones,
And like to none that she has known
Of other women's other sons,—
The firm fruition of her need,
He shines anointed; and he blurs
Her vision, till it seems indeed
A sacrilege to call him hers.

She fears a little for so much
Of what is best, and hardly dares
To think of him as one to touch
With aches, indignities, and cares;
She sees him rather at the goal,
Still shining; and her dream foretells
The proper shining of a soul
Where nothing ordinary dwells.

Perchance a canvass of the town
Would find him far from flags and shouts,
And leave him only the renown
Of many smiles and many doubts;
Perchance the crude and common tongue

Would havoc strangely with his worth;
But she, with innocence unwrung,
Would read his name around the earth.

And others, knowing how this youth
Would shine, if love could make him great,
When caught and tortured for the truth
Would only writhe and hesitate;
While she, arranging for his days
What centuries could not fulfil,
Transmutes him with her faith and praise,
And has him shining where she will.

She crowns him with her gratefulness,
And says again that life is good;
And should the gift of God be less
In him than in her motherhood,
His fame, though vague, will not be small,
As upward through her dream he fares,
Half clouded with a crimson fall
Of roses thrown on marble stairs.

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

*And Mary kept all these things
and pondered them in her heart.*

THE INNOCENTS

When the cock in the dish
Crew "Christus natus est!"
I saddled a wish
And rode from the west.

The ditches were piled
With young children dying:
I saw Herod's child
In a gold cradle lying,

At high white noon
In a tower turned south;
A silver spoon
Was in the child's mouth.

It was bright as a candle
And heavy as lead:
Carved on the handle
Was John Baptist's head.

I climbed like a cat;
I stole the metal;
I hammered it flat
To a silver petal.

I curled the leaf
To a silver bell
To echo the grief
Of Israel.

The dead were dumb
But it spoke for them:
By night I was come
To Bethlehem.

Mary's mantle
Covered the Christ:
With myrrh and santal
His hair was spiced.

I kissed the ground
Where the gold was tossed:
The bell made a sound
Like a young child lost.

"This bell is a bird
Or a shaken bud;
It speaks a word
The color of blood.

"This bell is a cup
Or a thorny cap . . ."
The Christ sat up
In Mary's lap.

"O take this bell
And stifle its breath,
For Israel
Is tired of death.

"When Herod's boy
Lies broken and dying,
Give him this toy
To quiet his crying."

ELINOR WYLIE

*And the streets of the city shall be
full of boys and girls playing.*

A MERRY BALLAD OF CHRISTMAS

With old familiar sign,
The festival divine
Ruddies the snow-clogged way;
Butcher and toy-shops aflame—
Because the Lord Christ came
To wash our sins away.

Without 'tis merry, snowing,
A-roaring and a-blowing;
Within the wine is flowing,
And men and maids are jolly,
With mistletoe and holly—
Because the Lord Christ gave
Himself our souls to save.

Yet, underneath the singing,
The fiddling and the flinging,
A thought I cannot still
Stalks like a guest unbidden,
Steals like a secret hidden,
Laying its fingers chill
Upon the heart of mirth
That laughs for Jesu's birth—
(Fie on such melancholy,
With mistletoe and holly!)

From an old book I read.
Somewhere within my head
The story lingers
Of a grim castle-hold,
In dreaming days of old,
And knights and singers,

And ladies clad in vair,
And a great feasting there,
Torches and swords in air:
Then, in some lull of mirth,
From far beneath the earth,
Came there a wailing—

The wind was it? wailing—
A voice of woe so vast
It held the feasters fast:
So might the lost in hell
Pierce, for a little spell,
The peace of Paradise
With uncouth cries. . . .

Once more the feasters laughed,
Cozened their feres and quaffed—
'Twas but the knaves that lay,
Far from the light of day,
Beneath their dancing feet,
Rotting and raving,
Chained down with rats and slime,
Lost out of space and time—
(Souls not worth saving!)
So kept they Lord Christ's day,
In the time fled away.

What was my thought, though—
Hearken the whispering snow
Against the pane—
Lord Christ! the wind doth blow
A wild refrain;
Louder, O music, play,
Nimbler, O dancers, glide. . . .

Nay! music cease to play,
Dancers a space abide—
Hearken yon wailing!
The wind is it—wailing?
Nay, 'tis the folk that lie
Out in the night there,
The men that starve and die
Far from the light there;
From oubliettes of pain,
From wheel and rack and chain,
Beneath your dancing feet,
Tripping so fleet, so sweet,
From folk that rave and rot,
Forsaken and forgot,
Comes the wild wind's refrain,
Comes all that wailing—
Today as long ago,
Long as the wind shall blow,
Long as the snow shall snow. . . .
(But merry is the street,
And merry is the hall,
And a Merry Christmas, gentles all!)

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

Seeing many things but observing not.

TO THE LIGHTED LADY-WINDOW

I kiss my hand to you,
Mary, Holy Mother!
I kiss my hand to you,
Jesus, little brother!

Lady, I love your robe
Like a wave in a deep sea;
Your aureole of stars
Is very dear to me;
And the beauty of the soul
That met the Holy Ghost,
And the wonder of the life
Wherein the guest was Host.
But lady, even more—
And you would have it said—
I love the little child
That shines above your head.

I kiss my hand again,
Mary, Holy Mother;
I kiss my hand again,
Jesus, little brother.

MARGUERITE WILKINSON

My spirit hath rejoiced.

TWO INSCRIPTIONS FOR THE CHRISTMAS CANDLE

I

Come, Heavenly Child, and on this place
Shed the sweet halo of Thy grace.
O burning Love, O Heavenly Fire
Consume me with Thy deep desire.

II

As in the Holy Christ Child's name
This blessed wax shall feed the flame—
So let my heart its fires begin
And light the Heavenly Pilgrim in.

ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH

It giveth light unto all that are in the house.

THE YOUTH JESUS

*A little Child, a Joy-of-Heart, with eyes
Unsearchable, he grew in Nazareth,
His daily speech so innocently wise
That all the town went telling: "Jesus saith."*

KATHARINE LEE BATES

CHILD

The young child, Christ, is straight and wise
And asks questions of the old men, questions
Found under running water for all children,
And found under shadows thrown on still waters
By tall trees looking downwards, old and gnarled,
Found to the eyes of children alone, untold,
Singing a low song in the loneliness.
And the young child, Christ, goes asking,
And the old men answer nothing, and only know love
For the young child, Christ, straight and wise.

CARL SANDBURG

*They found him in the temple, sitting in the
midst of the teachers, asking them questions.*

NAZARETH AND BETHLEHEM

Nazareth and Bethlehem,
Bethlehem and Nazareth,
Villages of Syria,
Far away;
Oriental,
Sacramental,
Of the spirit or the seeing,
Of the map or of our being,
Which are they?

Sweet rose flesh of Bethlehem,
Brown young limbs of Nazareth,
Babyhood and boyhood worn
By the Word;

Or indwelling
Glory telling
To our immortality
Secrets that reality
Never heard?

KATHARINE LEE BATES

*Out of thee shall come a governor
that shall rule my people Israel.*

CARPENTER

To the kind, the tall Carpenter
Planing the long boards,
The tree-hearts whispered
Songs without words.
The eucalyptus sang to Him
Never to His loss.
The cypress stretched its bared beams
To be shaped like a cross.

The gentle oleander
And all the many-leaved,
Scattered bloom of shavings
Round Him lest He grieved—
The trees' sap stirred again
To give Him glad awe
As not to any other
That cleaved them with a saw.

He did not truly hurt them,
And they understood
And worshiped Him, the Builder

Of the earth and the wood.
The children flocked around Him,
Little boys and little girls,
Laughing at the shavings,
Turning them to curls.

Sometimes an old man
Sat and watched by Him,
His voice very gentle,
And his eyes growing dim.
Sometimes a woman,
Blue-robed and grave,
Bread, milk, and honey,
Smiling, to Him gave.

To the kind, the tall Carpenter
Planing new boards,
The tree-souls whispered
Music without words.

ISABEL FISKE CONANT

*For there is a man whose labor is with wisdom
and with knowledge and with skilfulness.*

THE VIRGIN'S WELL

Still Nazareth stands, a tinted cameo
In rose and ivory, on an azure shell,
As though some doorway of the sun were low
As nowhere else, above the Virgin's well.
The thin rills drip into a shallow pool,
Where dove-eyed women fill their earthen jars;
By day the clouds look down, remote and cool;
At night it is a mirror for the stars.

This beauty is as frail as almond bloom,
Yet changeless and mysterious as death;
It is a desolate flower on a tomb,
This little lonely town of Nazareth.
What hand shall offer here to lips of men,
The living waters for a draught, again?

MARY BRENT WHITESIDE

*The woman said unto him: Sir,
give me this water, that I thirst not.*

IN THE CARPENTER'S SHOP

Mary sat in the corner dreaming,
Dim was the room and low,
While in the dusk the saw went screaming
To and fro.

Jesus and Joseph toiled together,
Mary was watching them,
Thinking of Kings in the wintry weather
At Bethlehem.

Mary sat in the corner thinking,
Jesus had grown a man;
One by one her hopes were sinking
As the years ran.

Jesus and Joseph toiled together,
Mary's thoughts were far—
Angels sang in the wintry weather
Under a star.

Mary sat in the corner weeping,
Bitter and hot her tears—
Little faith were the angels keeping
All the years.

SARA TEASDALE

Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?

IN GALILEE

Erect in youthful grace and radiant
With spirit forces, all imparadised
In a divine compassion, down the slant
Of these remembering hills He came, the Christ.

Should not the glowing lilies of the field
With keener splendor mark his footprints yet?
—Prints of the gentle feet whose passing healed
All blight from Tabor unto Olivet?

KATHARINE LEE BATES

The little hills rejoice on every side.

BOY IN THE WIND

How came this troubled one to stray
With fire and song in the wind's way?

Indifferent and dumb and sweet,
The seasons fall about his feet.

Frail flames are set behind his eyes
And under his ribs his heart makes moan
Like a pent bird who throbs and dies,

He walks in the windy night alone.

And who would know if he should sing
Whose song is less than the murmuring
Of the wind full of the ruin of spring?

And who could say if he had flown
Like a flame blown out or a bird up-blown?

Or if his heart cries out in pain
Who hears the cry through wind and rain?

He wanders east. He wanders west.

Where will he ever come to rest,
With that fire blowing in his brain,
And that bird grieving in his breast?

GEORGE DILLON

I came not to send peace.

A STRANGER IN SCYTHOPOLIS

Eager he wandered the streets of Scythopolis,
A Hebrew youth, with the dust of twoscore miles
Staining his sandals, dark eyes dancing with bliss
Of beauty—arches and pillars and peristyles,
Porticos, domes and many an edifice
Noble in line and color. And ever the passers-by turned
And spake with him till their hearts within them burned.

Simple his words, sounded with rustic burr
Of the Galilean, but he was himself the Word
Of God's own joy, and each leaf-crowned reveler

Moved on to a music in heart he had not heard
Since, a child, he ran with the wind. The sophister,
Even the cynic whose sneers had beaten on life like whips,
Marveled to find sweet laughter on their lips.

Beggars that crouched in the streets of Scythopolis,
Lean hands plucking at togas that swept them by,
Let pass his scrip too humble for avarice,
But it fed them with fruits as in limitless supply,
Figs, dates, olives, that thrilled the paralysis
From spirit and nerve till, arising, the happy lame walked
free,
Till the bewildered blind cried out, "I see!"

Before a sculptured Diana in Parian
Marble the prentice carpenter drew quick breath
Of rapture. From her litter a courtesan
Beheld him standing like one that worshipeth,
And cowered back on her perfumed pillows, wan,
Smit by the silver shaft of chastity. Over him flew
Doves like a halo of wings against the blue.

Why were forbidden the streets of Scythopolis,
Wondered the young Nazarene as he lingered in them.
Were not Beauty and Mirth the angels of this
City more splendid than holy Jerusalem?
He knew by the Voice within him that not amiss
Had he done that day in seeking the glories of Roman and
Greek,
Though he knew not yet that to him should the Gentiles
seek.

KATHARINE LEE BATES

*When I have raised up thy sons, O Zion,
against thy sons, O Greece.*

TYRE

Bright iron, cassia and calamus;
Lambs and rams and goats,
Floating out of Tyre
In the ships of Tarshish—
In the caravans of pine and cedar,
With the men of Arvad,
With the youth of Zidon,
Singing on the oars.

SCUDDER MIDDLETON

The ships of Tarshish with an east wind—

THE SONG OF JOSEPH

None shall make a yoke or plow
Better than my own,
But this child, whose sunlit brow
Holds the kiss of angels now—
He will build a throne.

Mine to teach his little hands;
He shall learn the whole
Craft the workman understands;
But in this and wider lands,
He will guide the soul.

I shall show him tricks of birds,
Where the sparrows build their nests,
Teach him lore of fleecy herds;
But his heart will hold the words
Hid in sages' breasts.

Mine to teach the lower ways,
Little secrets of the sod;
His to guide in later days,
Where celestial torches blaze,
In the light of God.

MARY BRENT WHITESIDE

*What man is there of you, who, if his
son ask bread, will he give him a stone?*

JUDEAN HILLS ARE HOLY

Judean hills are holy,
Judean hills are fair,
For one can find the footprints
Of Jesus everywhere.

One finds them in the twilight
Beneath the singing sky
Where shepherds watch, in wonder,
White planets wheeling by.

His trails are on the hillsides
And down the dales and deeps;
He walks the high horizons
Where vesper-silence sleeps.

He haunts the lowly highways
Where human hopes have trod
The Via Dolorosa
Up to the heart of God.

He looms, a lonely figure
Along the fringe of night,
As lonely as a cedar
Against the lonely light.

Judean hills are holy,
Judean fields are fair,
For one can find the footprints
Of Jesus everywhere.

WILLIAM L. STIDGER

*He is like a man which built
a house and digged deep.*

THE HARVEST

Perhaps a thorn tree cast its shade
Within his open door;
It must have been that sunbeams strayed—
And angels—'round the things He made,
And drifted o'er the floor.
All day He toiled till set of sun;
And when his humble tasks were done,
Along a little footpath, dim
And sweet with almond-flowers' breath,
His mother Mary came to Him,
Across the fields of Nazareth.

And though the time was scarcely spring,
And fields were newly plowed,
They talked about the harvesting—
What russet treasure it should bring;
And her sweet eyes were proud,

While that fond heart that loved Him spoke
Of oxen, blest to wear his yoke,
And little ones—He loved them so;
Of these the kingdom, so He saith—
How strong and stalwart they should grow
On blessèd bread of Nazareth!

MARY BRENT WHITESIDE

Is not this the carpenter's son?

THE HOLY CITY

Foursquare it lieth, lofty and alone,
Within its mountain battlements and steep
Ravines, where buried Jews and Moslems keep
Their separate camps of white, sepulchral stone.
Its towered walls engirdle zone on zone
Of jealous worship, minarets that leap
Higher than dome and spire, while sunbeams sweep
All into one bright cluster, like a throne
Of many jewels. Buzzing like a hive
With stir of all varieties of folk,
All sects that for her holy places strive,
The city speaketh with a Voice above
Their wrangle, with his yearning Voice that spoke:
"The Lord our God is one God. God is Love."

KATHARINE LEE BATES

*Our feet shall stand
within thy gates, O Jerusalem.*

A SONNET

Let me not seek among the Grecian hills,
Nor in the purple vales of Thessaly,
For beauty other than this instant fills
The woods and fields that here encircle me.
Let me not search among strange gods for one
More fair than Thou, O mocked and crucified!
Nor pipe vain songs to Pan when day is done,
Nor bend the knee to laughing Nymph espied.
But here, where sunlight moves across the green
Of spring-enchanted meadows, I would pray
To Thee alone, O saddened Nazarene,
And thank Thee for the glory of today.
No other god I worship—only Thee.
Fair are these vales as vales of Thessaly.

MARY DIXON THAYER

*How amiable are thy
tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts.*

HE LOVED A LAKE

We idled where the bank was blue
With strange flowers in a good young land,
Where new-born bracken reached to us
The closed sweet of her baby hand.

And over us in benison
The dogwood held her Grecian cross
White while we marveled, and our feet
Were silent in the carmine moss.

Our hearts were silent. Surely here
The very God revealed His face,
And Jesus silent stood with us
And with dear silence blessed the place.

Then came the murmur of a wind;
A thrush sang in a hidden brake;
We were by Galilee, or here
The Master with us by this lake!

He loved a lake! A little deep
Whose shores sing with a breezy surf,
Where tiny foam in opal drift
Is piled within each pebbled kerf.

And here He stood with us a while
And bent the dogwood—even now!
We know His peace within our souls,
His holy cross upon our brow.

BENNETT WEAVER

*When the morning was now come,
Jesus stood on the shore.*

THE LITTLE HILL

Oh, here the air is sweet and still,
And soft's the grass to lie on;
And far away's the little hill
They took for Christ to die on.

And there's a hill across the brook,
And down the brook's another;
But, oh, the little hill they took—
I think I am its mother!

The moon that saw Gethsemane—
I watch it rise and set;
It has so many things to see,
They help it to forget.

But little hills that sit at home
So many hundred years,
Remember Greece, remember Rome,
Remember Mary's tears.

And far away in Palestine,
Sadder than any other,
Grieves still the hill that I call mine—
I think I am its mother!

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

*They go up by the mountains,
they go down by the valleys.*

HOLY PLACES

Wherever souls of men have worshiped, there
Is God: where old cathedrals climb the sky,
Or shining hillsides lift their heads on high,
Or silent woodland spaces challenge prayer,
Or inner chambers shut the heart from care;
Where broken temples of old faiths now lie
Forgotten in the sun, or swallows cry
At dusk about some crossroads chapel, bare

Alike of bells and beauty; where saints walked
Of old with speaking presences unseen,
Or dreaming boys with quiet voices talked
In pairs last night on some still college green;
Where Moses' Sinai flamed, or Jesus trod
The upward way apart: there, *here*, is God!

HERBERT D. GALLAUDET

Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord.

THE WILDERNESS

Up from the Jordan straight His way He took
To that lone wilderness, where rocks are hurled
And strewn, and piled, as if the ancient world
In strong convulsions seethed and writhed and shook,
Which heaved the valleys up, and sunk each brook,
And flung the molten rock like ribbons curled
In mists of gray around the mountains whirled:—
A grim land, of a fierce, forbidding look.
The wild beasts haunt its barren stony heights,
And wilder visions came to tempt Him there;
For forty days and forty weary nights,
Alone He faced His mortal self and sin,
Chaos without, and chaos reigned within,
Subdued and conquered by the might of prayer.

CAROLINE HAZARD

*And straightway the Spirit driveth
him forth into the wilderness.*

THE WATERS OF BETHESDA

My spirit was a troubled pool
That stirred with every passing wind,
And I was thirsty for the cool
Green depths of a long-tranquil mind.

Now let me rest, I cried, and sleep,
While hours that vanish one by one
Marshal the stars across the deep,
And the still beauty of the sun.

Let there be no more rain to fill
My rocky chalice, harsh and brown;
Let me know quietness until
The warm earth-mother drinks me down.

There came a silence everywhere,
And no clouds sailed and no wind stirred.
Sun and stars shone stark and bare—
I had the answer to my word.

All night the stars stabbed through the dark,
All day the sun shot from the sky
Swift, molten arrows to its mark—
The lidless circle of my eye.

In the white torment where it lay,
My troubled spirit learned, poor fool,
The glory of that stormy day
When passing angels stirred the pool.

HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER

*For an angel went down at a certain season
into the pool, and troubled the water.*

MY YOKE IS EASY

The yokes He made were true.

Because the Man who dreamed
Was too
An artisan,
The burdens that the oxen drew
Were light.
At night
He lay upon his bed and knew
No beast of his stood chafing in a stall
Made restless by a needless gall.

The tenets of a man
May be full fine,
But if he fails with plumb and line,
Scorns care,
Smooth planing,
And precision with the square,
Some neck will bear
The scar of blundering!

GLADYS LATCHAW

For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.

THE PLAYMATE

Where has He gone, our Playmate?
We've sought Him high and low
Where gray-green olives ripen,
Where haycocks stand a-row . . .

We saw Him passing down the street
An hour or so ago!

Where has He gone, our Comrade
Who took us by the hand
And taught us to build houses
With little heaps of sand?

He has gone forth to sojourn
In a far foreign land!

Nay, but He would not leave us,
Who took us on His knee,
And set our fancies sailing
Like ships upon the sea . . .

We think that He will never come
Again to Galilee!

HARRY KEMP

And he took them in his arms and blessed them.

THE MINISTRY OF JESUS

*And from All Love there throbs the stress
Of pity and of wistfulness
Both to be blessed and to bless.*

JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

A GROUP OF SAYINGS

*And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain;
and when he was set, his disciples came unto him: and
he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,*

*Blessed are the poor in spirit:
for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.*

Bow before God in prone humility,
Till thou remember that He lives in thee;
Then lift thy head superb among the free.

ERNEST HOWARD CROSBY

*Blessed are they that mourn:
for they shall be comforted.*

No soul can be forever banned,
Eternally bereft:
Whoever falls from God's right hand
Is caught into his left.

EDWIN MARKHAM

*Blessed are the meek:
for they shall inherit the earth.*

For all your days prepare,
And meet them all alike:
When you are the anvil, bear—
When you are the hammer, strike.

EDWIN MARKHAM

*Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst
after righteousness: for they shall be filled.*

Not the Christ in the manger,
Not the Christ on the cross,
But the Christ in the soul
Shall save that soul
When all but love is lost.

KATHARINE LEE BATES

*Blessed are the merciful:
for they shall obtain mercy.*

To win that angel-guarded Goal
I thrust aside the wan, the weak;
And heard, at last, a low Voice speak:
"Go back!—thou hast forgot thy soul!"

MAHLON LEONARD FISHER

*Blessed are the pure in heart:
for they shall see God.*

How vast is heaven? Lo, it will fit
In any space you give to it;
So broad, it takes in all things true;
So narrow, it can hold but you.

JOHN RICHARD MORELAND

*Blessed are the peacemakers:
for they shall be called the children of God.*

Thou hast on earth a Trinity,—
Thyself, my fellow-man, and me:
When one with him, then one with Thee:
Nor, save together, thine are we.

JOHN BANISTER TABB

*Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness'
sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.*

Once I thought to find on earth
Love, perfect and complete.
Now I know it carries wounds
In its hands and feet.

ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH

*Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you and
persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil
against you, falsely, for my sake; rejoice and be
exceeding glad, for so persecuted they the
prophets which were before you.*

I lift my gaze beyond the night, and see,
Above the banners of Man's hate unfurled,
The holy figure that on Calvary
Stretched arms out wide enough for all the world.

JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

A LOST WORD OF JESUS

Hear a word that Jesus spake
Eighteen hundred years ago,
Where the crimson lilies blow
Round the blue Tiberian lake:
There the bread of life He brake,
Through the fields of harvest walking
With His lowly comrades, talking
Of the secret thoughts that feed
Weary souls in time of need.
Art thou hungry? Come and take;
Hear the word that Jesus spake!
'Tis the sacrament of labour, bread and wine divinely blest;
Friendship's food and sweet refreshment, strength and
courage, joy and rest.

Yet this word the Master said,
Long ago and far away,
Silent and forgotten lay
Buried with the silent dead,
Where the sands of Egypt spread,
Sea-like, tawny billows heaping
Over ancient cities sleeping,
While the River Nile between
Rolled its summer flood of green,
Rolled its autumn flood of red:
There the word the Master said,
Written on a frail papyrus, wrinkled, scorched by fire, and
torn,
Hidden in God's hand, was waiting for its resurrection
morn.

Now at last the buried word
By the delving spade is found,
Sleeping in the quiet ground.
Now the call of life is heard:
Rise again and like a bird,
Fly abroad on wings of gladness
Through the darkness and the sadness,
Of the toiling age, and sing
Sweeter than the voice of Spring,
Till the hearts of men are stirred
By the music of the word;
Gospel for the heavy-laden, answer to the labourer's cry;
*"Raise the stone, and thou shalt find me; cleave the wood,
and there am I."*

HENRY VAN DYKE

*Raise the stone, and thou shalt find me;
cleave the wood, and I am there.*—Logion V.

THE FISHERS

Yea, we have toiled all night. All night
We kept the boats, we cast the nets.
Nothing avails: the tides withhold,
The Sea hears not, and God forgets.

Long ere the sunset we took leave
Of them at home whom want doth keep;
Now bitterness be all their bread,
And tears their drink, and death their sleep!

The gaunt moon stayed to look on us
And marvel we abode so still.
Again we cast, again we drew
The nets that naught but hope did fill.

And while the grasp of near Despair
Did threaten nearer with the day,
Leagues out, the bounteous silver-sides
Leaped through the sheltering waves, at play!

So, stricken with the cold that smites
Death to a dying heart at morn,
We waited, thralls to hunger, such
As the strong stars may laugh to scorn.

And while we strove, leagues out, afar,
Returning tides—with mighty hands
Full of the silver!—passed us by,
To cast it upon alien lands.

Against the surge of hope we stood,
And the waves laughed with victory;
Yet at our heartstrings, with the nets,
Tugged the false promise of the Sea.

So all the night-time we kept watch;
And when the years of night were done,
Aflame with hunger, stared on us
The fixed red eye of yonder sun.

Thou Wanderer from land to land,
Say who Thou art that bids us strive
Once more against the eternal Sea
That loves to take strong men alive.

Lo, we stood fast, and we endure:
But trust not Thou the Sea we know,
Mighty of bounty and of hate,
Slayer and friend, with ebb and flow.

Thou hast not measured strength as we
Seafaring men that toil. And yet—
Once more, once more—at Thy strange word,
Master, we will let down the net!

JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

*Put out into the deep
and let down your nets for a draught.*

BARLEY BREAD

As I was going down the street to sell my loaves of barley,
A crowd of men were following the man from Nazareth,
And I in wonder followed too,
Outside the town where lilies grew,
And cyclamen, and bells of blue,—
I ran till out of breath.

“Barley bread, barley bread! Who will buy my barley?
Sweet and crisp as any from the oven in the square,
Buy my loaves of bread, and fish
Freshly caught as one could wish”—
I followed them beyond the town and found him waiting
there.

A hollow place among the hills was filled with many
people,
And there upon the trodden grass he made the men sit
down,
A long way from the gates it was, and we were tired and
hungry,
A crowd of hungry people big enough to fill a town.

They came with jingling silver then and bought my bread
and fishes;
He broke them there in sight of all, and lifted up his
hands.
And everyone had food to eat—
My fish as good as any meat,
And barley bread, so brown and sweet,
Enough for his demands.

My heart was strangely stirred within, to see him feed the
people;
I looked and loved him, standing there, the sunlight on his
head;
And as the sun set on the hill,
And all the men had had their fill,
We gathered up the fragments, and went home at last to
bed.

O Teacher out of Nazareth, if I have aught to give you,
Take, take the little that I have, just as you took my food,
For till today I never heard
A thing so moving as your word;
So take my loaves of barley bread and feed the multitude.

HILDA W. SMITH

We have here but five loaves and two fishes.

THE CHILDREN

There once was One who loved them,
Though in his heart He knew
What their elders would at last
Come to Him and do.

And still through the smoke of anger
Stretches the pitying hand;
Where One is walking who has walked
Wounded in every land.

WITTER BYNNER

*Then there were brought unto him
young children, that he should bless them.*

INTIMATE STRANGER

The stranger had a way with him,
The time he tarried in our place;
The children ran to play with him,
And something in his storied face
Made old folk wish to stay with him
Whose memory with their tales kept pace.

Not one but did confide in him
The inmost thought he ever had;
The wayward owned a guide in him,
To lead them out of mazes mad;
It seemed there was a side in him
For wise or wild, for sad or glad.

He lived apart—was near to us,
Was intimate and stranger, too!
He ever grew more dear to us;
Yet, only when he bade adieu,
The secret was made clear to us!
And we, at last, The Poet knew!

EDITH M. THOMAS

*All the time that the Lord Jesus
went in and out among us.*

ACCORDING TO ST. MARK

The way was steep and wild; we watched Him go
Through tangled thicket, over sharp-edged stone
That tore His Feet, until He stood alone
Upon the summit where four great winds blow;
Fearful we knelt on the cold rocks below,
For the o'erhanging cloud had larger grown,
A strange still radiance through His Body shone
Whiter than moonlight on the mountain snow.

Then two that flamed amber and amethyst
Were either side Him, while low thunder rolled
Down to the ravens in their deep ravine;
But when we looked again, as through a mist
We saw Him near us.—Like a pearl we hold
Close to our hearts what we have heard and seen.

THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

*To give the light of the knowledge of the
glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.*

TWO DEFINITIONS OF LOVE

He drew a circle that shut me out—
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.
But Love and I had the wit to win:
We drew a circle that took him in!

EDWIN MARKHAM

To creatures upon earth,
Our price one farthing's worth:
To everlasting Love,
All price above.

JOHN BANISTER TABB

*These words have I spoken unto you,
that ye should not be offended.*

CHRIST SPEAKS

Think not on me, as countless men have thought
To their mind's torture and their spirit's loss,
As a pathetic figure, frail, distraught,
Nailed to the sky upon a naked cross.

That transient travail is too sharply limned
Upon the canvas of man's consciousness;
Think rather on my laughing eyes, undimmed,
My hands, unpierced, devising tenderness!

WADE OLIVER

In him is no darkness at all.

TO MARTHA

Martha, his rebuke was gentle;
Do not grieve
The wasted year that won but disapproval;
Just believe
Above the disappointment of thy careful day
There glows the selfsame star that shines on
Mary's way.

MABEL MUNNS CHARLES

Lord, dost thou not care?

THE DEATH-BED OF A CERTAIN RICH MAN

"Where they have left me, cold upon the bed,
I am not breathing, but I am not dead—
Blind, I see the thorns upon a head;
Motionless, I travel, inward bound;
Deaf, I hear a penetrating sound
Of voices risen from the silent ground.
His voice, the Nazarene's, in theirs renewed,
Speaks and encircles me, a multitude,
'We are the Christ you never understood.
We gave you all the love there is, to do
Our work with; but you hoarded it and knew
Only yourself, not us, and lived untrue
To your great privilege. Now, when you lie
So still that you can hear us—tell us why!'—
O Christ, I thought you were only one. I die."

WITTER BYNNER

*There is one body, and one Spirit. Even as ye
are called in one hope of your calling.*

THE PHARISEE

Two men went up into God's place to pray,
The one a Pharisee. He stood apart.
Evening in flight had dropped immortal flowers
Of sunset bloom. The quiet city lay
Like a pale gem beneath a night of stars,
And no sound rose.

Besought the Pharisee,
Beating his head upon the marble wall,
"God, God, I thank Thee for this bitterness;
I thank Thee that, in anguish, I am lift
Above my fellows, that Thou choosest me
For throes that rend no other, that Thou givest
An awful and peculiar agony
Such as *One* only bore. I thank Thee, God!"
Then as he prayed, he listened to the sobs
Heaving up from his soul, counted the tears
That burned upon his face, and held his woe
Supreme!

The other knelt, a Publican,
In sober dress and common attitude.
He prayed, "Ah, stern Jehovah, Thou dost take
My self-belief, my courage and my joy,
Even mine inmost treasure, secret love!
I bow to Thy decree. Mayhap Thy sword
Smites with like heaviness this desolate man
Beside me. We are brothers in despair.
Am I then isolate before Thy wrath?
Am I then all alone in agony?
Behold, Thy pitiless, ironic word

Brands us alike, the mighty Pharisee
And the poor blinded, weeping Publican!"

DOROTHY LANDERS BEALL

*And he spoke also this parable unto certain
who trusted in themselves that they were righteous.*

THE PARTING

That He might better of Love's mystery tell
 Into a lonely mountain they withdrew,
 Day's golden fire cooled in deep wells of dew
About His Head with softened splendor fell;
And in each heart that heard the last farewell
 A quickening joy and deepening sorrow grew,
 And all were hushed—even the doubtful knew
His was the power of Heaven and of Hell.

When He had ceased, a mighty wind rushed by
 From far beyond the sunset's cloudless rim,
 And over them a glory seemed to bend;
Then like a star He rose into the sky,
 Sadly they watched the glowing light grow dim
 And heard the echoes ring, "Until the End."

THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

*While he blessed them, he parted from
them, and was carried up into heaven.*

PETER AND JOHN

Twelve good friends
Walked under the leaves
Binding the ends
Of the barley sheaves.

Peter and John
Lay down to sleep
Pillowed upon
A haymaker's heap.

John and Peter
Lay down to dream.
The air was sweeter
Than honey and cream.

Peter was bred
In the salty cold.
His hair was red
And his eyes were gold.

John had a mouth
Like a wing bent down.
His brow was smooth
And his eyes were brown.

Peter to slumber
Sank like a stone,
Of all their number
The bravest one.

John more slowly
Composed himself,
Young and holy
Among the Twelve.

John as he slept
Cried out in grief,
Turned and wept
On the golden leaf:

"Peter, Peter,
Stretch me your hand
Across the glitter
Of the harvest land!

"Peter, Peter,
Give me a sign!
This was a bitter
Dream of mine,—

"Bitter as aloes
It parched my tongue.
Upon the gallows
My life was hung.

"Sharp it seemed
As a bloody sword.
Peter, I dreamed
I was Christ the Lord!"

Peter turned
To holy Saint John:
His body burned
In the falling sun.

In the falling sun
He burned like flame:
"John, Saint John,
I have dreamed the same!

"My bones were hung
On an elder tree;
Bells were rung
Over Galilee.

"A silver penny
Sealed each of my eyes.
Many and many
A cock crew thrice."

When Peter's word
Was spoken and done,
"Were you Christ the Lord
In your dream?" said John.

"No," said the other,
"That I was not.
I was our brother
Iscaiot."

ELINOR WYLIE

*Art thou not also one of this man's
disciples? He saith, I am not.*

THE MOTHER OF ISCARIOT

The mother of Iscaiot
Was never done
Telling the women at the well,
Or in the market-place,
Or on the windy roofs

At set of sun,
How, of the twelve He chose
To follow Him—
Her son was one!

They wearied of the telling,
Yet she erred
In such a mothering sweet way,
That through the years,
Half pitying, half envying,
They heard, and hearing, smiled,
Or shook their heads,
Or sighed,
But said no word.

Three years with Him—three years—
And then, the Dread,
The thunderous dark,
Earthquake and blinding light,
Spears, torches flaring red,
The frenzied mob,
The thieves,—
And One who hung between
With thorn-bound head.

Iscaiot's mother, afterward,
Timid and gray,
Stealing by twilight to the well,
Or through the market-place,
Knowing they knew,
Heard whisperings,
Saw faces turned away,
Knew that they knew

And blamed them not.
There was no more to say.

HARRY LEE

*Think not that I am come to send peace on earth:
I came not to send peace, but a sword.*

COMRADES OF THE CROSS

I cannot think or reason,
I only know He came
With hands and feet of healing
And wild heart all aflame.

With eyes that dimmed and softened
At all the things He saw,
And in his pillared singing
I read the marching Law.

I only know He loves me,
Enfolds and understands—
And oh, his heart that holds me,
And oh, his certain hands—

The man, the Christ, the soldier,
Who from his cross of pain
Cried to the dying comrade,
"Lad, we shall meet again."

WILLARD WATTLES

*I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world
but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil.*

"PEACE ON EARTH"

You were a fool, my brother Christ.
Were the Lebanon pines and the cedars
So slow to respond to the call of your hands?
Why were you not content to dream
Under the Eastern skies?
The scribes and the Pharisees
Were wise in their generation.
They taught "An eye for an eye and a tooth
for a tooth."
What did you gain, my brother,
By quitting your trade
To counsel turning the other cheek?

RALPH CHEYNEY

*It is enough for the disciple
that he be as his master.*

THE SON

Suddenly, out of my darkness, shines Thy beauty, O
Brother;
Brother, the light of Thy life is a blessing beyond all
brightness.
I am smitten blind and see the pride of the world no
longer;
I am smitten with new light that shows the glory of love.
Thy way is more wonderful than the way of the sun at
noon,
For wherever Thy light falls, it cleanses us from evil;
Thy way is more beautiful than the way of the moon in the
evening,

For wherever Thy light falls, it is healing for our pain;
Thy way is dearer by far than the way of the little stars,
For wherever Thy light falls, it is leading us to peace;
Thy way is holier than ever the sinful lips of man can tell,
Thy glory is yet to burn in the hearts of all mankind.
I, who would sing Thy beauty, have known the darkness,
Brother.

Oh, wash my eyes with tears, that they may know the
light of Thy love!

MARGUERITE WILKINSON

*There is a friend that sticketh
closer than a brother.*

THE HOLY HILL

*When Christ went up to Calvary,
His crown upon His head,
Each tree unto its fellow tree
In awful silence said:
"Behold, the Gardener is He
Of Eden and Gethsemane."*

JOHN BANISTER TABB

A BALLAD OF TREES AND THE MASTER

Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him,
The little gray leaves were kind to Him,
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him,
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with love and shame.
When Death and Shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last:
'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last
When out of the woods He came.

SIDNEY LANIER

*He went forth with his disciples over the
brook Cedron, where was a garden.*

IN APRIL

In April—
Was it then our Lord was given
To hang on the rough rood tree?
How could such dolor be?
Did no warbling thrush
The hammers hush,
That April?

In April,
Can there live a cruel thought?
So remedial a thing
Is the lilting air of spring,
When the first bird song
Holds the heart for long,
In April.

In April,
How could they nail those hands?
Oh, Calvary's air was sweet!
How fit it were, and meet,
A black cloud's breath
Shrouded his death,
In April.

In April.
'Tis then the flowers awake,
With the sun, the wind and the rain
Conspiring against death and pain
To put down wrong.
Life thrills to the song
Of April.

In April.
'Tis then the soft rains fall.
Breath comes sweet in the spring;
Yet, all unwavering,
Love took the blame
On that rood of shame—
In April.

REUBEN BUTCHART

That they may behold my glory.

FROM NAZARETH HE COMES

From Nazareth He comes, the carpenter
Who knows of hammering and blows that break
The worker's hands. From Galilee He comes,
The fisherman who walks upon the lake.

Through fields of harvest, ripe for plucking grain;
Along the dusty roads that go beside
The vineyards, Christ, the noble carpenter,
Goes to the city to be crucified.

Jerusalem's streets are filled with those
Who cry, "Hosanna!" and others, "Crucify!"
For all of these He hangs upon the cross
That lifts itself into the purple sky.

For all of these the Master lived and died.
His lamp is tall and bright; our lamps are dim,
But we can see the way ahead of us,
For where the Master goes we go with Him.

RAYMOND KRESENSKY

*God forbid that I should glory
save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.*

GOOD FRIDAY

Peter and James and John,
The sad tale runneth on—
All slept and Thee forgot;
One said he knew Thee not.

Peter and James and John,
The sad tale runneth on—
I am that one, the three;
Thus have I done to Thee.

Under a garden wall,
I lay at evenfall;
I waked. Thou calledst me;
I had not watched with Thee.

Peter and James and John,
The sad tale runneth on—
By the priest's fagot hot,
I said I knew Thee not.

The little maid spake out:
"With Him thou wentest about."
"This Man I never met—"
I hear the cock crow yet.

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

And when Peter thought thereon, he wept.

THIRTY PIECES OF SILVER FOR JESUS (*Judas Speaks*)

I think you know, Annas, the price is low
For such a man; there is not in Judea
So fair a face to rest your eyes upon,
So smooth a breast to shatter with a spear.

Besides, He's young, and has been well beloved;
There was a woman once who left the street,

And followed Him into a hostile house,
And knelt and pressed her lips against His feet.

He has no wealth, yet men have gone with Him,
And left their homes and worldly goods behind,
Because His voice was gentle when He spoke,
And when He looked at them His eyes were kind.

Admit the price is low. For thirty coins
One buys a plot of ground, a harlot's kiss;
A cask of wine, perhaps a Negro slave,
But seldom such a comely man as this.

HELENE MULLINS

Which is in the sight of God of great price.

THE ROAD TO BETHANY

The last week—the lone week—
Each weary evenfall,
The Master climbed the hill road,
Between the cedars tall.

Among the whispering cedars,
The olives gray and dim,
The Master sought the one door
That was not closed to Him.

And always at the last turn
He saw the little light,
That Mary's hand had set there,
To guide Him through the night.

So, for a love-lit candle
That made the way less bleak,

The Master climbed the hill road,
The last lone week.

HARRY LEE

*And he left them, and went forth out of
the city to Bethany, and lodged there.*

MOTHERS

"I hold no cause worth my son's life," one said—
And the two women with her as she spoke
Joined glances in a hush that neither broke,
So present was the memory of their dead;
And through their meeting eyes their souls drew near
Linked by their sons—men who had held life dear
But laid it down for something dearer still.
One had wrought out with patient iron will
The riddle of a pestilence, and won—
Fighting on, stricken, till his work was done
For children of tomorrow. Far away
In shell-torn France, the other lay,
And in the letter that his mother read
Over and over, kneeling as to pray—
"I'm thanking God with all my heart today,
Whatever comes—" (that was the day he died)
"I've done my bit to clear the road ahead."
In those two mothers, common pain of loss
Blossomed a starry flower of holy pride.
What thoughts were hers who silent stood beside
Her Son the Dreamer's cross?

AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

Woman, why weepest thou?

TWELFTH NIGHT

It has always been King Herod that I feared;
King Herod and his kinsmen, ever since . . .
I do not like the color of your beard;
I think that you are wicked, and a prince.

I keep no stable . . . how your horses stamp! . . .
If you are wise men, you will leave me soon;
I have been frightened by a thievish tramp
Who counted bloody silver in the moon.

You get no lodging underneath these roofs,
No, though you pay in frankincense and myrrh;
Your harness jangles with your horses' hooves;
Be quiet; you will wake him if you stir.

This is no church for Zoroastrians,
Nor resting-place for governors from Rome;
Oh, I have knowledge of your secret plans;
Your faces are familiar; go home.

And you, young captain of the lion stare,
Subdue your arrogance to this advice;
You should forbid your soldiery to swear,
To spit at felons, and to play at dice.

You have perceived, above the chimney ledge,
Hanging inverted by Saint David's harp,
His sword from heaven, with the double edge
Which, for your service, is no longer sharp.

He sleeps, like some ingenuous shepherd boy
Or carpenter's apprentice, but his slim
And wounded hands shall never more destroy
Another giant; do not waken him.

The counterpane conceals the deeper wound
Which lately I have washed with vinegar;
Now let this iron bar be importuned;
I say you shall not speak to him of war.

ELINOR WYLIE

Woe unto the world because of offences!

SIMON THE CYRENIAN SPEAKS

He never spoke a word to me,
And yet He called my name.
He never gave a sign to see,
And yet I knew and came.

At first I said, "I will not bear
His cross upon my back—
He only seeks to place it there
Because my skin is black."

But He was dying for a dream,
And He was very meek;
And in His eyes there shone a gleam
Men journey far to seek.

It was Himself my pity bought;
I did for Christ alone
What all of Rome could not have wrought
With bruise of lash or stone.

COUNTEE CULLEN

*On him they laid the cross, that
he might bear it after Jesus.*

BARABBAS

By what strange whimsies is a man's fate swayed—
I free to go, while he goes to his cross!
I know his life; no evil has he done,
For many a day in towns of Galilee,
Have I stood in that crowd that swarmed him round
While his fingers healed the leper with their touch
Or at his word the devils fled away.
And men know my life, all my evil fame—
Now I stand free while he goes there to die!
What was there to this man that Annas feared,
And that dull Roman with his oily face?
He would be king? Nay, rather he would not!
Such men as he would never bind with crowns
And all the stiff seclusion of a throne
Their right to mix with men. Some deeper thought
Lay in that false priest's brain. Could it have been
He feared the words he spake about High God,
About men grown to stature of God's sons,
One brotherhood that banished self from earth?
No priest could gull a race that held such thoughts,
Nor was there place for Pilate in such plan,
Nor for Barabbas! No wonder Annas feared
A world he could not mold for his own gain.
And does he think to end him with a Cross?

WILLIAM E. BROOKS

*Whom will ye that I release unto you?
Barabbas, or Jesus, who is called Christ?*

MEN FOLLOW SIMON

They spat in his face and hewed him a cross
On that dark day.

The cross was heavy; Simon bore it
Golgotha way.

O Master, the cross is heavy!

They ripped his hands with driven nails
And flayed him with whips.

They pressed the sponge of vinegar
To his parched lips.

O Master, thy dear blood drips!

Men follow Simon, three and three,
And one and one,
Down through valleys and up long hills
Into the sun.

O Master, Master—into the sun!

RAYMOND KRESENSKY

And they took Jesus and led him away.

THE SONG OF A HEATHEN

(Sojourning in Galilee, A.D. 32)

If Jesus Christ is a man—

And only a man,—I say

That of all mankind I cleave to him

And to him will I cleave alway.

If Jesus Christ is a god—
And the only God,—I swear
I will follow him through heaven and hell,
The earth, the sea, and the air!

RICHARD WATSON GILDER

*And we have believed and know
that thou art the Holy One of God.*

"WITH ME IN PARADISE"

If I had sat at supper with the Lord
And laid my head upon that saving breast,
I might have turned and fled among the rest—
I might have been that one who left the board
To add the high priest's silver to his hoard.
Had our Redeemer stooped to wash my feet,
Would I have washed my neighbor's clean and sweet,
Or thrice denied the Christ I had adored?

Long have I grieved that I was not Saint Paul,
Who rode those seas and saw the tempest toss
The ships he sailed in when he heard the call
To preach the risen Christ and gain through loss.

Tonight I envy most among them all
That thief who hung repentant on his cross.

ALEXANDER HARVEY

*And I, if I be lifted up, will
draw all men unto me.*

CALVARY

Friendless and faint, with martyred steps and slow,
Faint for the flesh, but for the spirit free,
Stung by the mob that came to see the show,
The Master toiled along to Calvary;
We gibed him, as he went, with houndish glee,
Till his dim eyes for us did overflow;
We cursed his vengeless hands thrice wretchedly—
And this was nineteen hundred years ago.

But after nineteen hundred years the shame
Still clings, and we have not made good the loss
That outraged faith has entered in his name.
Ah, when shall come love's courage to be strong!
Tell me, O Lord—tell me, O Lord, how long
Are we to keep Christ writhing on the cross!

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

And they crucify him.

A BALLAD OF EASTER

I heard two soldiers talking
As they came down the hill—
The sombre hill of Calvary,
Bleak and black and still.
And one said, "The night is late;
These thieves take long to die."
And one said, "I am sore afraid,
And yet I know not why."

I heard two women weeping
As down the hill they came,
And one was like a broken rose,
One was like a flame.
And one said, "Now men shall rue
This deed their hands have done."
And one said only through her tears,
"My son! My son! My son!"

I heard two angels singing
Ere yet the dawn was bright,
And they were clad in shining robes,
Robes and crowns of light.
And one sang, "Death is vanquished,"
And one in golden voice
Sang, "Love hath conquered, conquered all;
O Heaven and Earth, rejoice!"

THEODOSIA GARRISON

By whose stripes ye are healed.

THE THIEF ON THE CROSS

Three crosses rose on Calvary against the iron sky,
Each with its living burden, each with its human cry.
And all the ages watched there, and there were you and I.

One bore the God incarnate, reviled by man's disdain,
Who through the woe he suffered for our eternal gain,
With joy of infinite loving assuaged his infinite pain.

On one the thief repentant conquered his cruel doom,
Who called at last on Christ and saw his glory through the
gloom.

For him after the torment souls of the blest made room.

And one the unrepentant bore, who his harsh fate defied.
To him, the child of darkness, all mercy was denied;
Nailed by his brothers on the cross, he cursed his God and
died.

Ah, Christ, who met in Paradise him who had eyes to see,
Didst thou not greet the other in hell's black agony?
And if he knew thy face, Lord, what did he say to thee?

HARRIET MONROE

*And with him they crucify two robbers,
one on his right hand, and one on his left.*

MARY MAGDALEN

At dawn she sought the Saviour slain,
To kiss the spot where He had lain
And weep warm tears, like springtime rain;

When lo, there stood, unstained of death,
A man that spoke with low sweet breath;
And "Master!" Mary answereth.

From out the far and fragrant years,
How sweeter than the songs of seers
That tender offering of tears!

RICHARD BURTON

Jesus saith unto her, Mary!

THE RECOMPENSE

She brake the box, and all the house was filled
With waftures from the fragrant store thereof,
While at His feet a costlier rose distilled
The bruised balm of penitential love.

And lo, as if in recompense of her,
Bewildered in the lingering shades of night,
He breaks anon the sealed sepulcher,
And fills the world with rapture and with light.

JOHN BANISTER TABB

*Mary Magdalene cometh and telleth the disciples,
I have seen the Lord.*

THE SEPULCHER IN THE GARDEN

What though the Flowers in Joseph's Garden grew
Of rarest perfume and of fairest hue,
That morn when Magdalene hastened through
Its fragrant, silent paths?

She caught no scent of budding almond tree;
Her eyes, tear-blinded still from Calvary,
Saw neither lily nor anemone—
Naught save the Sepulcher.

But when the Master whispered "Mary," lo!
The Tomb was hid; the Garden all a-blow;

And burst in bloom the Rose of Jericho—
From that day "Mary's Flower."

JOHN FINLEY

*And there was Mary Magdalene and the other
Mary, sitting over against the sepulcher.*

AFTER EASTER

"It was here he used to sit
And here he slept;
And when he heard my brother'd died
I mind how he wept.

"Here was his low bench,
And here his bed,"
To the neighbor women
Martha said.

"He liked the talking,
And he liked more
To sit silently
Looking at the floor."

Martha spoke the neighbors
With pride in her tone.
But Mary in the garden
Was crying alone.

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

*For Mary hath chosen the good part,
which shall not be taken away from her.*

THE FIRST EASTER

Lonely in the house of John,
While others slept,
Sensing not cooling winds
Nor stars,
His mother wept—
Seeing alone
The wreathen thorns
About His head,
Hearing His words
Upon the cross,
Mourning Him dead.

Lonely in the house of John,
His mother lay,
Though birds cried
In the olive trees,
And all the east
Was gray.
Then—Light—
Light in the little room,
Wide arms,
An answering cry—
Light and His voice:
"Be not afraid, O Mother,
It is I—"

HARRY LEE

*Though he were dead,
yet shall he live.*

MOTHERHOOD

Mary, the Christ long slain, passed silently,
Following the children joyously astir
Under the cedrus and the olive tree,
Pausing to let their laughter float to her.
Each voice an echo of a voice more dear,
She saw a little Christ in every face;
When lo, another woman, gliding near,
Yearned o'er the tender life that filled the place.
And Mary sought the woman's hand and spoke:
"I know thee not, yet know thy memory tossed
With all a thousand dreams their eyes evoke
Who bring to thee a child beloved and lost.

"I, too, have rocked my little one.
O, He was fair!
Yea, fairer than the fairest sun,
And like its ray through amber spun
His sun-bright hair.
Still I can see it shine and shine."
"Even so," the woman said, "was mine."

"His ways were ever darling ways"—
And Mary smiled—
"So soft, so clinging! Glad relays
Of love were all his precious days.
My little child!
My infinite star! my music fled!"
"Even so was mine," the woman said.

Then whispered Mary: "Tell me, thou,
Of thine." And she:
"O, mine was rosy as a bough

Blooming with roses, sent, somehow,
To bloom for me!
His balmy fingers left a thrill
Within my breast that warms me still."

Then gazed she down some wilder, darker hour,
And said, when Mary questioned, knowing not:
"Who art thou, mother of so sweet a flower?"
"I am the mother of Iscariot."

AGNES LEE

*Beareth all things, believeth all things,
hopeth all things, endureth all things.*

PHILIP TO CHRIST

Down the road to Bethany,
Master, it is good to be
Walking as of old with Thee!

All the birds are on the wing,
Master. How they gladly sing—
Thee in worship welcoming!

Doth the robin redbreast know
How our hearts were sad with woe,
But a little while ago?

Master, Philip never knew
That the sky could be so blue,
Over all these drops of dew.

See, the blossoms are so big
Burning on the date and fig—
Like a torch is every twig.

Jesu, I must here confess,
When alone you trod the press,
I was full of bitterness;

Now this morning I divine,
Where the crimson creepers twine
Comes the Kingdom, Master mine—

Comes the Kingdom to that heart
Thrilling, as I thrill and start
Just to see the petals part;

Just to hear the little wren,
Rising from the distant fen,
Praise you, Master of all men.

In this sunny morning place,
Now I know that God's pure grace
Glow on every human face,

As it glows in yonder tree,
Vine and vineyard; and I see
Heaven has come to Galilee!

After this I'll never waste
Tears on sorrow. With what haste
God comes in an apple's taste!

With what rush of rapture God
Pours, like rain upon the sod,
Where the scarlet runners nod!

God is here and God is there—
On the mountain bleak and bare,
In the valley; and I swear,

Master, by the sacrament
Of your blood for sinners spent,
After this to be content.

Since I saw you crucified,
All the doors are open wide
On this early April tide—

All the doors of happiness.
Strange that when you trod the press,
I was full of bitterness!

Master, it will not be long
Till the weak have been made strong
In a world of love and song.

Man will make the angels hear
Through the sky so crystal clear,
How love cast forth hate and fear.

By the brightness of this hour,
Mine is resurrection power—
Master, take from me this flower.

ROBERT NORWOOD

*Have I been so long time with you,
and dost thou not know me, Philip?
He that hath seen me hath seen the Father.*

THE TREE

Still are we soldier, Gentile, Jew,
And hear Him praying low,
"Father, they know not what they do!"
Except that now we know

Which are the thieves and which is He,
And every day of the year,
We bind Him not with rope on the tree,
But with nail and thorn and spear.

WITTER BYNNER

*Which of the prophets have not
your fathers persecuted?*

VIA CRUCIS

Out of the dark we come, nor know
Into what outer dark we go.
Wings sweep across the stars at night,
Sweep and are lost in flight,
And down the star-strewn windy lanes the sky
Is empty as before the wings went by.
We dare not lift our eyes, lest we should see
The utter quiet of eternity;
So, in the end, we come to this:
Christ-Mary's kiss.

We cannot brook the wide sun's might,
We are alone and chilled by night;
We stand, a-tremble and afraid,

Upon the small worlds we have made,
Fearful, lest all our poor control
Should turn and tear us to the soul;
A-dread, lest we should be denied
The price we hold our ragged pride;
So in the end we cast them by
For a gaunt cross against the sky.

To those who question is the fine reward
Of the brave heart who fights with broken sword
In the dark night against an unseen enemy;
There is not any hope of victory.
While sweat is sweet and earthly ways and toil,
The touch of shoulders, scent of new-turned soil,
Striving itself amid the thrusting throng,
And love that comes with white hands strong;
But on itself the long path turns again,
To find at length the hill of pain.

Such only do we know and see:
Starlight and evening mystery,
Sunlight on peaks and dust-red plain,
Thunder and the quick breath of rain,
Stirring of fields and all the lovely things
That season after season brings;
Young dawn and quiet night
And the earth's might.
But all our wisdom and our wisdom's plan
End in the lonely figure of a Man.

MAXWELL STRUTHERS BURT

*Who commanded the light to
shine out of darkness.*

CHRIST SCOURGED

I saw in Siena pictures,—
 Wandering wearily;
I sought not the names of the masters
 Nor the works men care to see;
But once in a low-ceiled passage
 I came on a place of gloom,
Lit here and there with halos
 Like saints within the room.
The pure, serene, mild colors
 The early artists used
Had made my heart grow softer,
 And still on peace I mused.
Sudden I saw the Sufferer,
 And my frame was clenched with pain;
Perchance no throe so noble
 Visits my soul again.
Mine were the stripes of the scourging;
 On my thorn-pierced brow blood ran;
In my breast the deep compassion
 Breaking the heart for man.
I drooped with heavy eyelids,
 Till evil should have its will;
On my lips was silence gathered;
 My waiting soul stood still.
I gazed, nor knew I was gazing;
 I trembled, and woke to know
Him whom they worship in heaven
 Still walking on earth below.
Once have I borne his sorrows
 Beneath the flail of fate!
Once, in the woe of his passion,
 I felt the soul grow great!

I turned from my dead Leader;
I passed the silent door;
The gray-walled street received me;
On peace I mused no more.

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY

*For though we walk in the flesh
we do not war after the flesh.*

GOOD FRIDAY NIGHT

At last the bird that sung so long
In twilight circles, hushed his song;
Above the ancient square
The stars came here and there.

Good Friday night! Some hearts were bowed,
But some amid the waiting crowd,
Because of too much youth,
Felt not the mystic ruth;

And of these hearts my heart was one:
Nor when beneath the arch of stone,
With dirge and candle flame,
The cross of passion came,

Did my glad spirit feel reproof,
Though on the awful tree, aloof,
Unspiritual, dead,
Drooped the ensanguined Head.

To one who stood where myrtles made
A little space of deeper shade
(As I could half descry,
A stranger, even as I)

I said, "Those youths who bear along
The symbols of their Saviour's wrong,
The spear, the garment torn,
The flaggel, and the thorn,—

"Why do they make this mummary?
Would not a brave man gladly die
For a much smaller thing
Than to be Christ and king?"

He answered nothing, and I turned.
Throned in its hundred candles burned
The jeweled eidolon
Of her who bore the Son.

The crowd was prostrate; still, I felt
No shame until the stranger knelt;
Then not to kneel, almost
Seemed like a vulgar boast.

I knelt. The doll-face, waxen white,
Flowered out a living dimness; bright
Dawned the dear mortal grace
Of my own mother's face.

When we were risen up, the street
Was vacant; all the air hung sweet
With lemon-flowers; and soon
The sky would hold the moon.

More silently than new-found friends
To whom much silence makes amends
For the much babble vain
While yet their lives were twain,

We walked along the odorous hill.
The light was little yet; his will
I could not see to trace
Upon his form or face.

So when aloft the gold moon broke,
I cried, heart-stung. As one who woke,
He turned unto my cries
The anguish of his eyes.

"Friend! Master!" I cried falteringly,
"Thou seest the thing they make of thee.
Oh, by the light divine,
My mother shares with thine,

"I beg that I may lay my head
Upon thy shoulder and be fed
With thoughts of brotherhood!"
So through the odorous wood,

More silently than friends new-found
We walked. At the first meadow bound
His figure ashen-stoled
Sank in the moon's broad gold.

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

*Are ye able to drink the cup
that I am about to drink?*

SECOND COMING

Once, by an arch of ancient stone,
Beneath Italian olive trees
(In pentecostal youth, too prone
To visions such as these),

And now a second time, today,
Yonder, an hour ago! 'Tis strange.
—The hot beach shelving to the bay,
That far white mountain range,

The motley town where Turk and Greek
Spit scorn and hatred as I pass;
Seraglio windows, doors that reek
Sick perfume of the mass;

The muezzin cry from Allah's tower,
French sailors singing in the street;
The Western meets the Eastern power,
And mingles—this is Crete.

Yonder on snowy Ida, Zeus
Was cradled; through these mountain haunts
The new moon hurried, letting loose
The raving Corybants,

Who after thrid the Cyclades
To Thebes of Cadmus, with the slim
Wild god for whom Euripides
Fashioned the deathless hymn.

And yonder, ere in Ajalon
Young Judah's lion ramped for war,
Daedalus built the Knossian
House of the Minotaur.

—'Tis strange! No wonder and no dread
Was on me; hardly even surprise.
I knew before he raised his head
Or fixed me with his eyes

That it was he; far off I knew
The leaning figure by the boat,
The long straight gown of faded hue;
The hair that round his throat

Fell forward as he bent in speech
Above the naked sailor there,
Caulking his vessel on the beach,
Full in the noonday glare.

Sharp rang the sailor's mallet stroke
Pounding the tow into the seam;
He paused and mused, and would have spoke,
Lifting great eyes of dream

Unto those eyes which slowly turned—
As once before, even so now—
Till full on mine their passion burned
With, "Yes, and is it thou?"

Then o'er the face about to speak
Again he leaned; the sunburnt hair,
Fallen forward, hid the tawny cheek;
And I who, for my share,

Had but the instant's gaze, no more,
And sweat and shuddering of the mind,
Stumbled along the dazzling shore,
Until a cool sweet wind

From far-off Ida's caves
Said, "Stay"; and here I sit the while.
—Silken Mediterranean waves,
From isle to fabled isle,

Flame softly north to Sunium,
And west by England's war-cliff strong
To where Ulysses' men saw loom
The mount of Dante's song.

As far as where the coast-line dies
In sharp sun-dazzle, goes the light
Dance-dance of amber butterflies
Above the beach flowers, bright

And jealous as the sudden blood
The lovers of these island girls
Spill in their frays; o'er flower and bud
The light dance dips and whirls.

And all my being, for an hour,
Has sat in stupor, without thought,
Empty of memory, love, or power,
A dumb wild creature caught

In toils of purpose not its own!
But now at last the ebb'd will turns;
Feeding on spirit, blood, and bone,
The ghostly protest burns.

"Yea, it is I, 'tis I indeed!
But who art thou, and plannest what?
Beyond all use, beyond all need!
Importunate, unbesought,

"Unwelcome, unendurable!
To the vague boy I was before
O unto him thou camest well;
But now, a boy no more.

"Firm-seated in my proper good,
Clear operant in my functions due,
Potent and plenteous of my mood,—
What hast thou here to do?

"Yes, I have loved thee—love thee, yes;
But also—hear'st thou?—also him
Who out of Ida's wilderness
O'er the bright sea-rim,

"With shaken cones and mystic dance,
To Dirce and her seven waters
Led on the raving Corybants,
And lured the Theban daughters

"To play on the delirious hills
Three summer days, three summer nights,
Where wert thou when these had their wills?
How liked thee their delights?

"Past Melos, Delos, to the straits,
The waters roll their spangled mirth,
And westward, through Gibraltar gates,
To my own under-earth,

"My glad, great land, which at the most
Knows that its fathers knew thee; so
Will spend for thee nor count the cost;
But follow thee? Ah, no!

"Thine image gently fades from earth!
The churches are as empty shells,
Dim-plaining of thy words and worth,
And of thy funerals!

"But oh, upon what errand, then,
Leanest thou at the sailor's ear?
Hast thou yet more to say, that men
Have heard not, and must hear?"

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

*For the promise is unto you and
to your children.*

THE MAN CHRIST

*The Carpenter of Galilee
Comes down the street again,
In every land, in every age,
He still is building men.
On Christmas Eve we hear Him knock;
He goes from door to door:
"Are any workmen out of work?
The Carpenter needs more."*

HILDA W. SMITH

THE BLESSED GUEST

I have swept my house; I have made it ready
For a Guest whose features I have never seen.
I have set lilies for a sweet, white welcome
The low dark walls between.

And I have stood long in the doorway waiting,
Many and many a day,
Watching all the roads, listening for a footfall,
Till like dark wings in Heaven the shadows play.

I will wait long, for men say that He is lovely;
I will keep patience, weary though I be.
Oh, may the flying light of a glad sunset
Bring that Guest to me.

MARGUERITE WILKINSON

I waited patiently for the Lord.

THE POET

A poet lived in Galilee,
Whose mother dearly knew him—
And his beauty like a cooling tree
Drew many people to him.

He loved the speech of simple men
And little children's laughter,
He came—they always came again,
He went—they followed after.

He had sweet-hearted things to say,
And he was solemn only
When people were unkind—that day
He'd stand there straight and lonely,

And tell them what they ought to do:
"Love other folk," he pleaded,
"As you love me and I love you!"
But almost no one heeded.

A poet died in Galilee,
They stared at him and slew him . . .
What would they do to you and me,
If we could say we knew him?

WITTER BYNNER

*Christ, the power of God
and the wisdom of God.*

CHRISTMAS AFTER WAR

Shall misery make mirth,
Lord, of our disbelief?
What gift of joy has earth?
Bring me your grief.

How shall old fables heal
Our world of woe and sin?
*When you through fable feel
The truth within.*

There is no guiding star:
The heavens are black and blind.

*The Magi journeyed far;
So must mankind.*

What singing angels press
Bright wings down these wild skies?
*Courage and Faithfulness
And Sacrifice.*

Madonna! Child! Are we
Shepherds to seek for them?
*Love! Peace! Let your heart be
Their Bethlehem.*

KATHARINE LEE BATES

*For a small moment
have I forsaken thee.*

THE TRIMMED LAMP

I dare not slight the stranger at my gate—
Threadbare of garb, and sorrowful of lot
Lest it be Christ that stands, and goes His way
Because I, all unworthy, knew Him not.

I dare not miss one flash of loving cheer
From alien souls, in challenge fine and high:
Ah—what if God be moving very near—
And I, so blind, so deaf—had passed Him by?

LAURA SIMMONS

*For by one Spirit are we all baptized into
one body, whether we be Jews or Gentiles,
whether we be bond or free.*

CHRIST CAME TODAY

He came along at the close of day,
A quiet man in a suit of gray,
With sober face and noiseless feet;
I saw Him walking down the street
When the cardinal was trilling "Sweet."

A teamster in the dusty road
Beat hard his horse with a heavy goad,
But when He passed, the man flushed red,
Slouched in his rig, and hung his head,
Though not a single word was said.

Two neighbor women leaned on a fence
And quarreled as if they had no sense.
He bent on them a look so keen
That they a vision must have seen.
Their faces were no longer mean.

Then on He walked till suddenly
I heard Him speak consolingly,
"There is thy home, forget thy fears."
'Twas a little lad, of perhaps six years,
Who had lost his way and was in tears.

I hurried on His side to reach,
But He disappeared along the beach.
I marked the spot so I would know—
A thin, hard soil where few things grow,
But Easter violets bud and blow.

EDNA OSBORNE WHITCOMB

*Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of
these my brethren, ye did it unto me.*

THE GARMENT

I cannot know what unaccustomed paths
Echo the Blessèd Feet;
If sudden thought or word of men,
Still dark or stiller sunshine serve the more
His footfall to repeat.

I see the paths of light from star to star
All aureoled are
Beneath His tread:
That distant worlds are footworn quite
Beneath His feet,
And strewn with dusty light
As common roadways are,
Keeping eternal vigil night and day
About His permanent intent,
His clear unalterable way.

He may to those far worlds
Be Light and Way,—
We strain our eyes to see, being blind!
But this I surely know:
That here on earth I trace
His daily walks
Across the radiant skies of spring,
Up the white slant of dawn,
Along the sea's blue circle.
I watch the wind drawing itself about Him
A robe austere and bright,—
Nor has a half been said.

But most of all I watch to see
An old accustomed mood of His

Fashioned of His humility,
When reaching down He clothes Himself about
With the torn garment of the human heart,
A habit gray and thin,
A meager thing,
And yet how blest its breaks and seams!
For when He finds it hanging empty
Upon the nail, within your hall,
Fitted for common use,
As friend and neighbor might
In their familiar way
With nothing said,—
He may forego the light of stars,
And suit it to His need instead.

ELVIRA SLACK

*Then shall ye begin to say, We have
eaten and drunk in thy presence,
and thou hast taught in our streets.*

I WHO LOVE BEAUTY

I who love beauty in the open valleys,
Tintings of sunset, and the swallow's flight,
Must breathe the air of squalid city alleys,
Shut from the cool caresses of the night.
Wistful of fragrance where the springtime dallies,
Sharing with sordid souls a city's blight.

He too loved beauty, but a city drew Him.
Flowers He found in little children's eyes;
Something of grace in lepers stumbling to Him;
Fragrance from spikenard spilt in sweet surprise;

Joy in forgiving men at last who slew Him;
Courage in service, hope in sacrifice.

E. MCNEILL POTEAT, JR.

*But I say unto you that Solomon in all
his glory was not arrayed like one of these.*

JESUS

He may be called a strong man who can brace
Himself to meet the pity of a friend.
But should he into his own woe descend
Through films and shreds of panic and disgrace,
In that dim perilous path his soul must pace
He will find that beyond despair's black end
The very dark will breathe out and upsend
The vision of a wan strange longing Face;
And he will hear the voice: "All this I know;
I am the One who walked that selfsame way,
I feel each haunting of that hour malign;
Beyond the last you have the strength to go,
When you one wavering prayer can scarcely say,
Even there your trembling steps are set in Mine."

MARTHA FOOTE CROW

Whereby we cry, Abba, Father.

THREE WISE MEN OF THE EAST

I

One Seer from out the Bo Tree's mystic shade
Saw visions of the world that is to be—
The self forgot and thus from prison made free,
Man facing fate serene and undismayed:

Freed from the blight of wealth and power and fame
He turns to truth and service to mankind,
Right thought, right striving, and a mindful mind
To reach Right Rapture his diviner aim.

II

A wise Old Man through blossoms of the peach
Beside the Yellow River saw the Way
In the spring splendor to a better day—
The Way to live, the Way that he must teach:

Be simple in your every want, be just,
Free of desire, compassionate, and mild;
Be gentle, humble as a little child;
Do good for evil, be obscure as dust.

III

And One saw from the shadow of the Cross
Peace in the world, a common brotherhood,
Each seeking lovingly the other's good,
Finding his life through losing all its dross;

One Father smiling on the faults forgiven
As all come arm in arm and happily

Like little children to a father's knee—
The earth at last become the Kingdom of Heaven.

FREDERICK PETERSON

*The kingdom of the world is become the
kingdom of our Lord: and he shall reign forever.*

THE MAN OF GALILEE

He was no dreamer, dwelling in a cloud
Of idle reason, strange philosophy;
In simple tasks his manhood strong He bowed
Beneath hard toil and meagre poverty.
Simple, not strange, the living words He saith—
The toiling Carpenter of Nazareth.

I cannot find Him, when, with fertile brain
I ponder strange, amazing mystery;
But when my heart is darkened by the pain
Of weariness or doubt or misery,
And someone smiles or haply calls me friend,
Or does a duty self-effacingly,
'Tis then his glowing face doth seem to bend
Above me, and the living Christ I see—
The Son of God, the Man of God.

HILDEGARDE HOYT SWIFT

Lord, Lord, open unto us!

AN UNBELIEVER

All these on whom the sacred seal was set,
They could forsake thee while thine eyes were wet.
Brother, not once have I believed in thee,
Yet having seen I cannot once forget.

I have looked long into those friendly eyes,
And found thee dreaming, fragile, and unwise.
Brother, not once have I believed in thee,
Yet have I loved thee for thy gracious lies.

One broke thee with a kiss at eventide,
And he that loved thee well has thrice denied.
Brother, I have no faith in thee at all,
Yet must I seek thy hands, thy feet, thy side.

Behold that John that leaned upon thy breast—
His eyes grew heavy and he needs must rest.
I watched unseen through dark Gethsemane
And might not slumber, for I loved thee best.

Peace thou wilt give to them of troubled mind,
Bread to the hungry, spittle to the blind.
My heart is broken for my unbelief,
But that thou canst not heal, though thou art kind.

They asked one day to sit beside thy throne.
I made one prayer, in silence and alone.
Brother, thou knowest my unbelief in thee.
Bear not my sins, for thou must bear thine own.

Even he that grieves thee most "Lord, Lord," he saith.
So will I call on thee with my last breath!

Brother, not once have I believed in thee,
Yet I am wounded for thee unto death.

ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH

In all our affliction he was afflicted.

DEEP THINGS

Love deep as Heaven
Offered to men
Over and over
And over again.

Words deep as Heaven
Spoken until
Anger was answered
On Calvary Hill.

Life deep as Heaven
Given for food—
Shed for our drinking—
The body and blood—

Lord, whose forgiveness
Is seventy times seven,
I am too shallow
For deep things of Heaven.

MARGUERITE WILKINSON

*But we have this treasure
in earthen vessels.*

AS CHILDREN

*Thy children like
olive-plants round about
thy table.*

BIBLE STORIES

The room was low and small and kind;
And in its cupboard old,
The shells were set out to my mind;
The cups I loved, with rims of gold.

Then, with that good gift which she had,
My mother showed at will,
David, the ruddy Syrian lad,
With his few sheep upon a hill;

A shop down a rude country street,
The chips strewn on the floor,
And faintly keen across the heat;
The simple kinsfolk at the door;

Mary amid the homely din,
As slim as violet;
The little Jesus just within,
About His father's business set.

My mother rose, and then I knew,
As she stood smiling there,
Her gown was of that gentle blue
Which she had made the Virgin wear.

How far the very chairs were grown!
The gilt rose on each back,
Into a Syrian rose was blown,
And not our humble gold and black.

That week long, in our acres old,
Lad David did I see;

From out our cups with rims of gold,
The little Jesus supped with me.

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

*How often would I have
gathered thy children together.*

PRAYER

Last night I crept across the snow,
Where only tracking rabbits go,
And then I waited quite alone
Until the Christmas radiance shone!

At midnight twenty angels came,
Each white and shining like a flame.
At midnight twenty angels sang,
The stars swung out like bells and rang.

They lifted me across the hill,
They bore me in their arms until
A greater glory greeted them.
It was the town of Bethlehem.

And gently, then, they set me down,
All worshiping that holy town,
And gently, then, they bade me raise
My head to worship and to praise.

And gently, then, the Christ smiled down.
Ah, there was glory in that town!
It was as if the world were free
And glistening with purity.

And in that vault of crystal blue,
It was as if the world were new,
And myriad angels, file on file,
Gloried in the Christ Child's smile.

It was so beautiful to see,
Such glory, for a child like me,
So beautiful, it does not seem
It could have been a Christmas dream.

JOHN FARRAR

As unto a light that shineth in a dark place.

CHRISTMAS MORNING

If Bethlehem were here today,
Or this were very long ago,
There wouldn't be a winter time
Nor any cold or snow.

I'd run out through the garden gate,
And down along the pasture walk;
And off beside the cattle barns
I'd hear a kind of gentle talk.

I'd move the heavy iron chain
And pull away the wooden pin;
I'd push the door a little bit
And tiptoe very softly in.

The pigeons and the yellow hens
And all the cows would stand away;
Their eyes would open wide to see
A lady in the manger hay,
If this were very long ago
And Bethlehem were here today.

And mother held my hand and smiled—
I mean the lady would—and she
Would take the woolly blankets off
Her little boy so I could see.

His shut-up eyes would be asleep,
And he would look just like our John,
And he would be all crumpled too,
And have a pinkish color on.

I'd watch his breath go in and out.
His little clothes would all be white.
I'd slip my finger in his hand
To feel how he could hold it tight.

And she would smile and say, "Take care,"
The mother, Mary, would; "Take care";
And I would kiss his little hand
And touch his hair.

While Mary put the blankets back
The gentle talk would soon begin.
And when I'd tiptoe softly out
I'd meet the wise-men going in.

ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS

Eyewitnesses of his majesty.

PERHAPS

Dear God, I wonder, when You climbed
The hill of Calvary—
Where were the children that You used
To take upon Your knee?
Where were they? In among the crowd?
And did they, too, not care
What happened to You, God, dear God,
But only came to stare?
Where were the children that You loved?
They do not seem to be
Around as You begin to climb
The hill of Calvary!
O God, I wish that I had been
A child that day! I might
Have done some little thing for You
To make the Cross more light!
I might have given You a glass
Of water on the way—
"I love You," whispered, as You passed,
"I love You so today!"
I might have done this—and yet—O!
Perhaps I would have hid
Among the people and done just
What other children did.

MARY DIXON THAYER

Herein is our love made perfect.

NEW TESTAMENT APOCRYPHA

Here are the little stories, safe and darling,
Of Christ Child, for His playmates after school,
Making from clay a dove, a finch, a starling;
He that would yet heal cripples by a pool.
Here is a golden legend, full of truth,
A twilight story for the years to come,
Of One whose three and thirty years of youth
Divinely dreamed along Capernaum.

This is a little gate back to a garden
Where only they with childlike hearts may enter
And play ring-games, with little Christ for center.
This is the long-lost, grass-grown trail to pardon:
Between the books it lies, a precious gem;
A passion-flower in bud upon its stem.

ISABEL FISKE CONANT

Ye are the children of the covenant.

THE EASTER CHILDREN

"Christ the Lord is risen!"
Chant the Easter children,
Their love-moulded faces
Luminous with gladness,
And their costly raiment
Gleaming like the lilies.

But last night I wandered
Where Christ had not risen,
Where love knows no gladness,
Where the Lord of Hunger
Leaves no room for lilies
And no time for childhood.

And today I wonder
Whether I am dreaming;
For above the swelling
Of their Easter music
I can hear the murmur—
"Suffer *all* the children."

Nay, the world is dreaming!
And my seeing spirit
Trembles for its waking,
When their Saviour rises
To restore the lilies
To the outcast children.

ELSA BARKER

*He took her by the hand,
and called, saying, Maid, arise.*

A CHILD'S CHRISTMAS SONG

Lord, I am just a little boy
Born one day like You,
And I've got a mother dear
And a birthday too.
But my birthday comes in Spring,
When the days are long,

And the robin in the tree
Wakens me with song.
Since the birds are all away,
Lord, when You are born,
Let Your angels waken me
On Your birthday morn.

Lord, I'm just a little boy,
Hidden in the night:
Let Your angels spy me out
Long before it's light.
I would be the first to wake
And the first to raise
In this quiet home of ours
Songs of love and praise.
You shall hear me first, dear Lord,
Blow my Christmas horn;
Let Your angels waken me
On Your birthday morn.

T. A. DALY

*And Jesus, perceiving the thought of their heart,
took a child, and set him by him.*

IN BED

When evening comes
And I'm in bed
And mother sits and sings
And holds my hand
And strokes my head,
I think of all the things
That I have heard—

Can they be true?—
That children just like me
Are cold and lost and hungry too,
In lands across the sea.

They say they wander in their fright
All dumb with cold and dread;
And when I think of them at night
I want to hide my head
Upon my mother's gentle arm
That holds me close and still,
And seems to promise that no harm
Can ever come, or ill.

And then I hear my mother's voice
So tender in a prayer,
"Dear God, may all the girls and boys
Who wander over there
Be brought for kindly sheltering
To those who crave to give,
And they who mourn shall learn to sing
And they who die shall live."

And when the prayer is done I sleep
So still without a sound,
And dream no little child shall weep
And all the lost are found!

CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON

And now, little children, abide in him.

BOYHOOD

And oh, was Jesus once a little boy,
A little boy like me,
And did His mother love to tell Him tales
Of sailors and the sea,
And let Him go, while He was still a child,
To look at Galilee?

And did He have a little boat like mine,
As real as boats can be,
And let it sail and float upon the waves,
And play that it was free,
And did He choose the largest, smoothest stones
And skip them, just like me?

And did He love to look across the blue
To places you can't see,
And did His mother hug Him close, like mine,
And call Him, Honey Bee,
And on His birthday did they make Him gifts
And light a Christmas Tree?

I hope when Jesus was a little boy
That He was just like me.

LOUISE AYRES GARNETT

*O Timothy, keep that which is
committed to thy trust.*

THE CHRIST-CHILD ENVIES LITTLE CHILDREN

Their little wills can bend you,
Their little ills can rend you,
But I, whose love would mend you,
I must be lonely still!

HERBERT SEYMOUR HASTINGS

*And yet I am not alone,
because the Father is with me.*

A MAY DAY ORISON

An angel chants:

These are the children of the May.
This is their youth: this is their day.
Upon the threshold of your world
They stand and wonder. Closely furled,
Life's message, like a banner rolled,
Awaits them. As you shall unfold
Its meaning, so their consciousness
Will bear its tender, first impress
Of welcome, sweet as sweetest May—
Sweet as themselves! or dour and grey,
The breaking of their morn must seem
The onset of a mocking dream—
If you betray them. In their breasts
Love throbs, hope sings, contentment rests.
Laughter hides in their limpid eyes
For which their lips are curving—dies
If you quell it.

The children sing:

Ah, dear world

Of mother-hearts, that held us curled
Safe, warm within you—throng to heed
Our living, urging wants, our need
Of all the simple, childish blisses—
Sweet sounds, soft words, warm arms, close kisses.
Oh, father-minds! *your* souls' rebirth
Depends on children; on the worth
Of your resolve to guard the flame
Of childhood's holiness from shame.
By you, Christ's self is kept alive
In every child you help to thrive:
Thus through the vow he made to men
You meet your God, a child again;
Fulfilling in diviner way
The lovely promise of the May.

Ah, you who prize us, set us free
That we may cheer your world, and be
A sign that for eternal day
Childhood's springtime shall be May!
Look in our eyes and see the light
That shines there. Is it then too bright?
Must it be dimmed? Are skies too blue
For us? Are fields too fair for you?
Or woods too green and cool? Beware
How you withhold joy—beauty. . . . Care
Comes with wisdom. Carefree is best
For youth. Hence are we wholly blest
By joy. So let our voices ring
In song. In dance our bodies fling

About the may-pole decked with flowers,
Emblem of happy hours.

ELIZABETH STANLEY TROTTER

He hath put a new song in their mouths.

IN EXCELSIS

Spring!
And all our valleys turning into green,
Remembering—
As I remember! So my heart turns glad
For so much youth and joy—this to have had
When in my veins the tide of living fire
Was at its flow;
This to know,
When now the miracle of young desire
Burns on the hills, and Spring's sweet choristers again
Chant from each tree and every bush aflame
Love's wondrous name;
This under youth's glad reign,
With all the valleys turning into green—
This to have heard and seen!

And Song!
Once to have known what every wakened bird
Has heard;
Once to have entered into that great harmony
Of love's creation, and to feel
The pulsing waves of wonder steal
Through all my being; once to be
In that same sea

Of wakened joy that stirs in every tree
And every bird; and then to sing—
To sing aloud the endless Song of Spring!

Waiting, I turn to Thee,
Expectant, humble, and on bended knee;
Youth's radiant fire
Only to burn at Thy unknown desire—
For this alone has Song been granted me.
Upon Thy altar burn me at Thy will;
All wonders fill
My cup, and it is Thine;
Life's precious wine
For this alone: for Thee.
Yet never can be paid
The debt long laid
Upon my heart, because my lips did press
In youth's glad Spring the Cup of Loveliness!

THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

*O magnify the Lord with me and
let us exalt his name together.*

PARABLES OF BEAUTY

*Less than it is we would the Truth should seem;
Holy and marvelous the Actual is.*

JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

IN PRAISE OF COMMON THINGS

For stock and stone;
For grass, and pool; for quince tree blown
A virginal white in spring;
And for the wall beside,
Gray, gentle, wide;
For roof, loaf, everything,
I praise Thee, Lord;
For toil, and ache, and strife,
And all the commonness of life.

Hearty, yet dim,
Like country voices in a hymn,
The things a house can hold;
The memories in the air;
And down the stair
Fond footsteps known of old;
The chair, the book or two;
The little bowl of white and blue.

What would it be,
If loveliness were far from me?
A staff I could not take
To hurry up and down,
From field to town;
Needs would my wild heart break;
Or I would vacant go,
And, being naught, to nothing grow.

This is the best:
My little road from east to west,
The breadth of a man's hand,
Not from the sky too far,

Nor any star,
Runs through the unwall'd land;
From common things that be,
Is but a step to run to Thee.

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

*The mountains shall bring peace
to the people and the little hills—*

EARTH

Grasshopper, your fairy song
And my poem alike belong
To the dark and silent earth
From which all poetry has birth;
All we say and all we sing
Is but as the murmuring
Of that drowsy heart of hers
When from her deep dream she stirs:
If we sorrow, or rejoice,
You and I are but her voice.

Deftly does the dust express
In mind her hidden loveliness,
And from her cool silence stream
The cricket's cry and Dante's dream;
For the earth that breeds the trees
Breeds cities too, and symphonies.
Equally her beauty flows
Into a saviour, or a rose—
Looks down in dream, and from above
Smiles at herself in Jesus' love.
Christ's love and Homer's art

Are but the workings of her heart ;
Through Leonardo's hand she seeks
Herself, and through Beethoven speaks
In holy thunderings around
The awful message of the ground.

The serene and humble mold
Does in herself all selves enfold—
Kingdoms, destinies and creeds,
Great dreams, and dauntless deeds,
Science that metes the firmament,
The high, inflexible intent
Of one for many sacrificed—
Plato's brain, the heart of Christ;
All love, all legend, and all lore
Are in the dust forever more.

Even as the growing grass,
Up from the soil religions pass,
And the field that bears the rye
Bears parables and prophecy.
Out of the earth the poem grows
Like the lily, or the rose;
And all man is, or yet may be,
Is but herself in agony
Toiling up the steep ascent
Toward the complete accomplishment
When all dust shall be, the whole
Universe, one conscious soul.

Yea, the quiet and cool sod
Bears in her breast the dream of God.

If you would know what earth is, scan
The intricate, proud heart of man,

Which is the earth articulate,
And learn how holy and how great,
How limitless and how profound
Is the nature of the ground—
How without terror or demur
We may entrust ourselves to her
When we are wearied out, and lay
Our faces in the common clay.

For she is pity, she is love,
All wisdom, she, all thoughts that move
About her everlasting breast
Till she gathers them to rest:
All tenderness of all the ages,
Seraphic secrets of the sages,
Vision and hope of all the seers,
All prayer, all anguish, and all tears
Are but the dust, that from her dream
Awakes, and knows herself supreme—
Are but earth, when she reveals
All that her secret heart conceals
Down in the dark and silent loam,
Which is ourselves, asleep, at home.

Yea, and this, my poem, too,
Is part of her as dust and dew,
Wherein herself she doth declare
Through my lips, and say her prayer.

JOHN HALL WHEELLOCK

*The earth is the Lord's,
and the fulness thereof;
the world, and they that dwell therein.*

WILD VERBENAS

They bloomed, forgotten, round an ancient gate,
In some far sheltered nook, as though they knew,
And bowed, submissive, to an humbler fate
Than their proud sisters of more vivid hue—
As though they knew, indeed, but envied not,
But seemed with their slight strength to push aside
Rank grass and climbing weeds, to lend this spot
A sudden wistful beauty long denied;
And birds found gladness in these hidden ways,
With joyous lift of wing from wayside tree,
A sudden burst of song, a pæan of praise
To One who, fearless, walked blue Galilee;
While golden bees sought each bent purple face,
A rosebush blossomed in the thicket dim,
And brought new brightness to the lowly space,
Where they, in mute rejoicing, worshiped Him.

CLARE MACDERMOTT

Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.

THE LITTLE TRUMPETERS

I met the herald jonquils
Amid the grass today,
They trooped, the little trumpeters,
In glad and green array;
Each held a golden bugle,
And each a spear of green,
They said that they were messengers
From April's misty queen.

Spring gave a swift direction,
A hidden countersign—
Mayhap it was the bluebird's pipe—
They straightened up in line;
There came a rushing whisper,
A mystic sudden breeze;
It tossed their little horns on high,
Their trumpets to the trees.

They blew a golden message,
A shout of love and spring,
A tiptoe blast of just one word—
A word for stars to sing;
They tossed their living trumpets,
The word they blew and blew—
And the word, O Lord of Life, the word
Was You! You! You!

MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

*By him, therefore, let us offer the
sacrifice of praise to God, continually.*

PEACH BLOSSOMS

What cry of peach blossoms
let loose on the air today
I heard with my face thrown
in the pink-white of it all?
in the red whisper of it all?

What man I heard saying:
"Christ, these are beautiful!"

And Christ and Christ was in his mouth,
over these peach blossoms?

CARL SANDBURG

*It shall blossom abundantly, and
rejoice even with joy and singing.*

SYMBOL

My faith is all a doubtful thing,
Wove on a doubtful loom,
Until there comes, each showery spring,
A cherry tree in bloom;

And Christ, who died upon a tree
That death had stricken bare,
Comes beautifully back to me,
In blossoms everywhere.

DAVID MORTON

*Who is this King of glory?
The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.*

FAITH

In every leaf that crowns the plain,
In every violet 'neath the hill,
In every yellow daffodil
I see the risen Lord again.

In each arbutus flower I see
A faith that lived through frost and snow,
And in the birds that northward go,
A guiding hand's revealed to me.

Lo! winter from some dark abyss
Came forth to kill all growing things;
'Twas vain; spring rose on emerald wings,
Moth-like from her dead chrysalis.

Each germ within the tiny seed
Throws off the husk that to it clings,
And toward the sun it upward brings
New life to blossom to its need.

Ye hearts that mourn, rise up and sing!
Death has no power to hold his prey,
The grave is only where we lay
The soul, for its eternal spring!

In every leaf that crowns the plain,
In every violet 'neath the hill,
In every yellow daffodil
I see the risen Lord again.

JOHN RICHARD MORELAND

O death, where is thy victory?

GOD IS HERE

God is here! I hear His voice
While thrushes make the woods rejoice.

I touch His robe each time I place
My hand against a pansy's face.

I breathe His breath if I but pass
Verbenas trailing through the grass.

God is here! From every tree
His leafy fingers beckon me.

MADELEINE AARON

They that love his name shall dwell therein.

GOD'S THRUSH

This rolls a hoop of melody,
And that one climbs an ivory stair,
But the Hermit on his lonely tree
Makes a golden threefold prayer.

From his oratory high
The Trisagion he sings;
With heart uplifted to the sky
And reverently folded wings.

Ineffable harmonies flow,
Pure rapture blossoms in the tree,
Rapt chorister of God, you know
The fairest Mystery of Three.

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

Behold the fowls of the air.

TAPESTRY

I saw the brown deer feeding,
Dappled like adder's-tongue,
And quietly were they leading
Their nimble-footed young;

By some enchantment herded
Among the bamboo trees,
Whose stems with light were girded
In flickering fantasies.

And as I stood there gazing,
In sunlight and in shade,
They raised small heads from grazing,
With soft eyes unafraid.

I could not pull my golden dart
Out of its brodered case.
It seemed as if my very heart
Were silent in its place.

WILLIAM DOUGLAS

In his temple doth everyone speak of his glory.

GIFTS OF SILENCE

No sound in all the mountains, all the sky!
Yet hush! One delicate sound, minutely clear,
Makes the immense silence draw more near—
Some secret ripple of running water, shy

As a delight that hides from alien eye:
The encircling of the mountains seems an ear
Only for this; the still clouds hang to hear
All music in a sound small as a sigh.

Far below rises to the horizon rim
The silent sea. Above, those gray clouds pile;
But through them tremblingly escape, like bloom,
Like buds of beams, for sleepy mile on mile,
Wellings of light, as if Heaven had not room
For the hidden glory, and must overbrim.

LAURENCE BINYON

Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment.

A B C's IN GREEN

The trees are God's green alphabet;
With them He writes in shining green
Across the world His thoughts serene.

He scribbles poems against the sky
With a gay leafy lettering,
For us and for our bettering.

The wind pulls softly at His page,
And every star and bird
Repeats in dutiful delight His word,
And every blade of grass
Flutters to class.

Like a slow child that does not heed,
I stand at summer's knees,
And from the primer of the wood

I spell that life and love are good,
I learn to read.

LEONORA SPEYER

He that bath ears to hear, let him hear.

DOORS

At the edge of consciousness is a little door,
What goes by?
Now a wing of brightness, of color, of something out there
that I love more than I am accustomed to loving.
Now fares by a delicate shadow, patterned, fleet, that I long
to know more than I am accustomed to knowing.
There must be so much more to love and to know than the
little loves and the little knowledge.

Then someone knocks at my door.
Thou!
The wing of brightness, the delicate shadow were but the
sign.
What am I to do?
I will find my way to the edge of my consciousness,
I will gain the door, I will have my freedom,
I will love and know and be all being.
Thou art the liberator. Why, it is true. . . .
"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

ZONA GALE

Knock and it shall be opened unto you.

FOR SCHOLARS

My figures are "excited,"—
So good people say,
But the sky's excited
Each time it writes a day!

God who made the Dodo
Surely loves a joke.
"Ha!" the thunder shouted
When it hewed the oak.

May makes coral-colored
Metaphors of trees;
August loves the lightning's
White hyperboles.

Tigers are a bonfire,—
Only moles are grey.
One can't take a world like this
As donkeys munch their hay.

Sunset is a burning bush,—
God is in the flame.
If my words are fierce and gay,
His peacock is to blame.

E. MERRILL ROOT

*Their ears are dull of hearing,
and their eyes they have closed.*

AUTUMN WIND

Now speaks the naked wind alone
Since earth's frail poetry is done,
And summer's tuneful lips are sealed.

The dusk is deep on every field
Where flowers glimmered, white and cool
As stars repeated in a pool.

I find, as through the night I pass,
Silence where every music was.

A softer silence falls for each
Lost syllable of silver speech,
And sinks, and settles to a hush:

The stillness is one sound: the rush
Of the wind's singing, soft and strong.

It is the only endless song.

GEORGE DILLON

Be still and know that I am God.

NEW ENGLAND SABBATH

Sunshine and asters,
Sermons and pastors,
Organs and singing
And temple bells ringing,—
These and the swallows,
Hilltops, and hollows,

Incite us to riot,
O calm, Sabbath quiet!

MARGARET TOD RITTER

The Sabbath was made for man.

ROBIN REDBREAST

When Christ was taken from the rood,
One thorn upon the ground,
Still moistened with the Precious Blood,
An early robin found.
And wove it crosswise in his nest,
Where, lo, it reddened all his breast.

JOHN BANISTER TABB

The same commit thou to faithful men.

SIERRAN DAWN

A flake of fire goes up against the day,
Before the western stars have died in light,
Where, soaring in the spirals of his flight,
A mountain eagle takes the trackless way.
Below, the shadowed land lies vast and gray,
As snows and granite blend in passing night,
And hidden for a while from human sight
Go the wild things that seek of God their prey.

The wind is chill where those great wings go free
Upon the tide of morning, westward drawn,
And foam of heavens icily empearled.

Night ends, and from eternity's cold sea
Another wave, the unenduring dawn,
Breaks, soundless, on the shore-line of the world.

GEORGE STERLING

*For as the lightning cometh out of the east,
and shineth even unto the west; so shall
also the coming of the Son of man be.*

EASTER

Once more the northbound Wonder
Brings back the goose and crane,
Prophetic Sons of Thunder,
Apostles of the Rain.

In many a battling river
The broken gorges boom;
Behold, the Mighty Giver
Emerges from the tomb!

Now robins chant the story
Of how the wintry sword
Is litten with the glory
Of the Angel of the Lord.

His countenance is lightning
And still His robe is snow,
As when the dawn was brightening
Two thousand years ago.

O, who can be a stranger
To what has come to pass?
The Pity of the Manger
Is mighty in the grass!

Undaunted by Decembers,
The sap is faithful yet,
The giving Earth remembers,
And only men forget.

JOHN G. NEIHARDT

*Put off thy shoes from thy feet:
for the place where thou standest is holy ground.*

THRIFT

A star proves never traitor, and a weed—
Even that vetch obscurely purple there—
Can hoard such loyalties against your need,
You may go rich, although the world go bare.
A blackbird's whistle over the low grass,
Is but another wealth; so are these too:—
The old rememberings that start and pass
As its short music, when the year is new.
If stars you love, and all their like, then know
Your love will be a thrift to set you clear
Of beggary and whining at a door.
You change; life changes; it is ever so;
But these last on from whirling year to year:
Learn God of them, and add Him to your store.

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

O taste and see that the Lord is good!

WHO HAS KNOWN HEIGHTS

Who has known heights and depths, shall not again
Know peace, not as the calm heart knows
Low, ivied walls, a garden close,
The old enchantment of a rose.
And though he tread the humble ways of men,
He shall not speak the common tongue again.

Who has known heights, shall bear forevermore
An incommunicable thing
That hurts his heart, as if a wing
Beat at the portal, challenging:
And yet, lured by the gleam his vision wore,
Who once has trodden stars seeks peace no more.

MARY BRENT WHITESIDE

*Because the creature itself also shall be
delivered from the bondage of corruption
into the glorious liberty of the children of God.*

STARS

I

When joys were vivid I did sit
Within a golden field,
And there I pulled the whitest stars
Green earth can yield.

II

For Bethlehem those stars were named,
The Lord Christ sat with me;
And I was little and I learned
Upon His knee.

III

Now I am old and joys are gone,
Christ in this room I find
Who brings from distant Bethlehem
Stars for His blind.

JEANNETTE MARKS

*And I saw a star from heaven
fallen unto the earth.*

PRODIGALITY

The Artificer wastes beauty so;
He is prodigal of snow.

Into night He drops a star;
It leaves behind no curved white scar.

He paints a hill with violets
Which no one sees, and He forgets,

And hides the palpitating art
Of poesy in a yokel's heart.

ETHEL ROMIG FULLER

My meditation of him shall be sweet.

PRAYER

O God, I love Thee in the stars at night
Under the still eternity of sky;
Teach me to love Thee in the passer-by,
For Thou hast said that this is loving right.
I hear Thee in the stars whose silence sings,
And in the shout of dawn Thy voice I know;
Teach me to hear Thee in the joy and woe
Of men who speak of trivial earthly things.
I see Thee when the world is full of sleep
Walking upon the moon-path of the sea;
Teach me by all the tears of Calvary
To know Thee in the eyes of all that weep.

There are so many things that I would say,
God-soul of beauty, teach me how to pray!

NADEJDA DE BRAGANÇA

*After this manner therefore
pray ye: Our Father.*

WORDS

Words with the freesia's wounded scent I know,
And those that suck the slow irresolute gold
Out of the daffodil's heart; cool words that hold
The crushed gray light of rain, or liquidly blow
The wild bee droning home across the glow
Of rippled wind-silver; or, uncontrolled,
Toss the bruised aroma of pine; and words as cold
As water torturing through frozen snow.

And there are words that strain like April hedges
Upward, lovely words with tears on them;
And syllables whose haunting crimson edges
Bleed: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem!"
And that long star-drift of bright agony:
"Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani!"

JOSEPH AUSLANDER

*With men of other tongues and other lips
will I speak unto this people . . . thus are
the secrets of his heart made manifest.*

FRAGMENTS

How little words that I have loved go shod
In fragments of the loveliness of God!
And men have dared the pinnacles of art,
Who hold one vanished gesture of a saint,
In stateliness of marble, or in paint,
Whose source is deep within the Infinite heart.

Marble is cold, and paint is all too thin
To shape the body of God's beauty in;
We dare a brow, and reach a garment's hem,
To touch it lightly, as the trees will hold
In late October, miracles of gold,
Before the spendthrift winds sweep over them.

These winds have scattered us about earth's feet,
Like colored leaves that whisper in the street
Outside a high and royal garden close.

We are ourselves but fragments; passionate stuff
That shapes one dream of God; it is enough.
We are spent leaves, but we have touched a rose.

MARY BRENT WHITESIDE

*He whom God hath sent speaketh the words of God;
for God giveth not the Spirit by measure unto him.*

GREAT LOVERS

Like carillons their names are chiming yet
From the ivory towers nor winds nor wars o'erthrow,
Hero and her Leander; Romeo
And his red rosebud broken, Juliet;
Blithe names of Aucassin and Nicolette;
Tristram and Iseult throbbing heavy woe;
Sigurd and Brunhild, tones that gleam and glow,
And tinkling Pierrot and Pierrette.

Star-music names there are of sweeter lure
Than even those,—names of Columba, calling
Wild wings of air and gleaming fins of sea
To blest Iona; God's dear troubadour,
Saint Francis; gentle Woolman, fainting, falling
Beneath men's griefs; Jesus of Galilee.

KATHARINE LEE BATES

Hallowed be thy name.

THE LAMP

If I can bear your love like a lamp before me,
When I go down the long steep Road of Darkness,
I shall not fear the everlasting shadows,
Nor cry in terror.

If I can find out God, then I shall find Him,
If none can find Him, then I shall sleep soundly,
Knowing how well on earth your love sufficed me,
A lamp in darkness.

SARA TEASDALE

*The glory of the celestial is one,
and the glory of the terrestrial is another.*

ECCO IL SANTO

Seven centuries are counted
Since the soul of Francis mounted,
Led by Sister Death, the stair
To those Paradises where
Holiness is debonair.
Should he come again today,
Singing down the starry way,
Troubadour of God, the Lark
Of Assisi, would he hark
Happier laughter than he knew
When his carols shook the dew,
Under skies Madonna-blue,
From the twinkling olive-trees?
Oh, unshriven Centuries,
Fall before him on your knees!

But the Centuries stand proud
As Saracens, their heads unbowed.
"Friar, cord your faded gown;
Take your barefoot jog from town
On to town, as legend tells,
And adore our miracles.
We have made man lord of things;
Given him force that far outflings
Giant fables; given him wings;
Given him eyes that pierce like spears
The farthest flecks of light, and ears
That listen across hemispheres.
Marvel still on marvel follows.
Trudge along and preach to swallows."

Like the Star of Bethlehem,
Friar Francis smiles on them.
"So my Lady Poverty
Dwells on earth no more?" saith he.
"And my Brother Sun's glad glances
See no longer battle lances
Foam with blood? Old Craft and Greed
Do not gorge on cruel need
Of their fellows? Life is freed
From fear, for robbers cease to go
On dark errand? There is no
Wolf to trouble Gubbio?
Trust assoils the wolfish heart
Of its sin and of its smart?"

Challenged by that capuchin
The Centuries go phantom-thin
Till their waning gold is gray
As his own frock. Melting away

Like sails on the horizon, they
Glimmer ghostly and are gone;
But the Dream glows on and on
In new dawns forever breasting
Fresh adventure, ever questing
Up the sky for purer day.
Time shall yet to Francis pray:
"Father, of thy courtesy
Print thy mystic wounds in me
That I bleed and burn until
Life shall do Love's perfect will."

KATHARINE LEE BATES

*Whoever he be of you that forsaketh not all
that he hath, he cannot be my disciple.*

PRAYER

Bless Thou this year, O Lord!
Make rich its days
With health, and work, and prayer, and praise,
And helpful ministry
To needy folk.
Speak Thy soft word
In cloudy days;
Nor let us think ourselves forgot
When common lot
Of sorrow hems us round.
Let generous impulse shame the niggard dole
That dwarfs the soul.
May no one fail his share of work
Through selfish thought;

Each day fulfil Thy holy will
In yielded lives,
And still the tumult
Of desires
Debased.
May faith, and hope, and love
Increase.
Bless Thou this year, O Lord!

A. S. C. CLARKE

*Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done,
in earth, as it is in heaven.*

THE ELDER BROTHER

Thou art the great Blood Brother of my heart.

ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH

GOD'S LIKENESS

Not in mine own, but in my neighbor's face,
Must I Thine image trace;
Nor he in his, but in the light of mine,
Behold Thy Face Divine.

JOHN BANISTER TABB

One of the least of these.

THE TEACHER

I also build, but not with steel nor stone,
but with the shadowy bricks of innocence,
and mortar that the heart has made her own,
and what I build has neither roof nor fence
that can deflect,
with limits or an end, the visionary architect.

This is more than the upward anguish of the spire,
more than the vaulting bridge, that all but flies:
it is the consecration, and the fire
fallen from far: it is the voice that cries,
"Make the way smooth
for the feet of the lord of the world, whose name is
youth."

He comes out of the hills from a small town.
He has the sun in his hair and his eyes are lit,
and the thorns of the world are blossoms for his crown,

and I am she who crowns his head with it.
Yes! I have found him
lost in the desert of his heart, and crowned him.

I crown him and I go, but he is hurled
into life's beauty against the plausible gods
of sleek content, and master of the world
establishes his starry periods,
and in his turn
passes, but because of him the living gods return.

Return, and he is lost to me, who freed him,
as I was lost to him, when he was freed,
but since the world will then no longer need him,
I also will absolve him of my need,
when that is done
for which the God in me sent forth his well-belovèd
Son.

(Mary, who, having much, had this more given,
who in the dark when all your pains were done
knew that your babe was in Himself the heaven
for which all other women lose their son,
nor they alone,
Mary, who make the future out of their blood and bone.

They make a Saviour, and no Angels hail him.
No gain of all the world consoles their loss.
They set his eyes toward the light, and fail him
because they cannot modify his Cross,
set at the dim
end of the path they traced, but cannot walk with him.)

And yet without my building all were vain.
The airy towers and the terraced slope

of cities are the birthright of my pain,
and the dream I lost and my abandoned hope,
by vision fanned,
are the torch that the runners pass from hand to hand.

HUMBERT WOLFE

*In whom all the building fitly framed together
groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord.*

COMRADE JESUS

I tramped the pavements, cursing God,
When there beside me Jesus trod!

Now we shall walk, my Friend and I,
Across the earth, the sea, the sky.

I do not know what He may be;
I only know He walks with me.

From Eden barred and Paradise,
Too wisely sad, too sadly wise!

Oh, lonely feet! Oh, bleeding feet!
In step with mine on the city street!

RALPH CHEYNEY

Therefore we both labor and suffer reproach.

AS HE WALKED WITH US

Calm, strong and gentle Man of Galilee,
Whose heart by every human woe is stirred;
By whom are plaintive cries of creatures heard;
Whose eye escapes no tracery of tree,
Or modest wayside flower; alert to see
The fantasy of cloud, the flight of bird;
Whose ear can catch the faintest note and word
Of wind and stream, and distant western sea;
When I am treading on the open space,
Or threading slowly through the crowded marts,
Skilled Craftsman of the woods and market-place,
Companion to all life and human hearts,
I crave, Thou unseen, understanding Guide,
To find thee, silent, walking by my side.

HARRY WEBB FARRINGTON

*Behold what manner of love the Father
bath bestowed upon us, that we should
be called children of God!*

THE ORGAN BLOWER

That Mary, the Mother
Of Jesus, may
Have a lovely hymn
On her festive day:—

That God almighty
May be adored
With tuneful treble
And bass and chord:—

That music may mingle
With light and flower,
On the hot June nights
At the Holy Hour:—

Humphry, the loon,
By the dusty rafter
Sweats like an ox,
And he says "I haf ter
Buy new galluses
'The mornin' after."

LEONARD FEENEY

How amiable are thy tabernacles!

A SACRISTAN

Sometimes on summer noons the silence grows
Unbearable; but then I sweep and dust
The images, or polish off the rust
Blackening the twisted brass. At curfew time
I ring the bell, and then, it seems, the chime
Looks in my heart and knows.

There are so very many little things
Each day—perhaps you might not understand
The joy of reaching out a quiet hand
To touch the cross; or once—it was at night—
Suddenly all the hushed blue church grew white
With holy angels' wings.

JOHN FARRAR

I will give him the morning-star.

THE KING

Do you remember anything he said,
Save he was a King
Without Kingdom or a bed,
And that he once had fed
On bitter roots and dew?

There was too much heaven in his head,
When he walked among the breathing dead,
To allow his eyes to see us,
Or his burning hands to feel us
For the creatures that we were.
There was too much earth in us—
So we could not understand.

And you went about your hours
Piling hope upon the clay,
Which my weakness took away;
And I leaned against myself,
Still believing in my strength—
Until both of us at length,
Ran like children to his eyes!

Do you remember anything he did,
Save the way he took us in
To that palace of his faith;
And the way he said good-bye,
Telling us across his shoulder
We were just a little late?

SCUDDER MIDDLETON

*Watch, therefore, for ye know neither the day
nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh.*

BESIDE ST. JOHN MARTYR

I walked on Second Avenue;
The sun was bright, the air was clear,
The winter sky was dazzling blue,
And spring was singing in the year.
St. John the Martyr's sturdy church
Showed low-hung bells, now still of hammer,
That Sundays, if you care to search,
Can peal above suspended clamor
Of Elevateds parallel
Upon Third Avenue and Second,
Calling upon their Allah well
With tones that more than gesture beckoned.

This avenue is known of God
As well as higher-numbered ones.—
Better? At least, it is more broad
For sandals that are shod with suns;
He walks here in the heat of day,
Perhaps a martyr, too, as John,
To money-changers in the way.—
This very street He walks upon
With wounded feet, more used to clouds
Than cobbles, softer for the tread
Of Him who sees among the crowds
Of quick, the radiance of the dead.

ISABEL FISKE CONANT

I will keep the Passover at thy house.

JOAN AND JESUS

Hail, the quiet cattle!
Hail, the lowly sheep!
Before the wise men's prattle
Long vigil did they keep.

They watched with silent yearning
Earth's most misunderstood.
She kindled her own burning.
He built his calvary rood.

Sweet as loam, as shavings,
Their words were turned to stones,
Found echo in priests' ravings
And dying soldiers' groans.

RALPH CHEYNEY

Hold not thy peace and be not still.

THE JEW TO JESUS

O Man of my own people, I alone
Among these alien ones can know thy face,
I who have felt the kinship of our race
Burn in me as I sit where they intone
Thy praises—those who, striving to make known
A God for sacrifice, have missed the grace
Of thy sweet human meaning in its place,
Thou who art of our blood-bond and our own.

Are we not sharers of the Passion? Yea,
In spirit-anguish closely by thy side
We have drained the bitter cup, and, tortured, felt

With thee the bruising of each heavy welt.
In every land is our Gethsemane.
A thousand times have we been crucified.

FLORENCE KIPER FRANK

All ye are brethren.

JEWS OF THE WORLD

"Dear, fainting Jesu, now to thine own seed
Creep home again—who else can understand thee?"

Israel Zangwill

I make amends to you . . .
I have disdained you,
I have made a mock of your misfortunes,
Money-lenders, money-gatherers,
Hoarders of might.
But today you come from a new Nazareth,
Baffling the Pharisees,
Understood by the humble and meek,
Earning the world
Against usurers,
Winning the world
Against Caesar,
Saving the world
With the mere heart of man,
Bringing the world
Peace.

WITTER BYNNER

*This day is this scripture
fulfilled in your ears.*

QUESTIONS

Is this a tribute to the Nazarene,
Beloved of children, brother of the poor,
The peasant teacher turned from door to door;
Without a home save on God's friendly green?
This mitred pomp, these gilded lords of pride,
These surging peoples awed by thronging priests,
By old tradition, storied fasts and feasts—
Is this for Him who on a rude cross died?
How great His gain, who now commands such zeal,
Such loyalty, beyond His fairest thought!
In His high name what wonders have been wrought!
How proud His kingdom—this we see today!
If He were here—who walked a pilgrim way—
If He were here. . . .

THOMAS CURTIS CLARK

*Who is above all, and
through all, and in you all.*

MIRACLES

Now am I too come even unto Bethlehem,
There to be born again in the shadow of my Lord.

Now am I too come even unto Calvary,
There to taste the mighty wine for me outpoured.

Now am I risen again out of hours dark as death,
Risen to wear a living faith as Christ His person wore.

It is enough. O Jesus, never a miracle
Could move me more than this Thy beauty to adore!

MARGUERITE WILKINSON

To behold the beauty of Jehovah.

GETHSEMANE

Alone we kneel in our Gethsemane
And blame our brother that he watchèd not!
We crave not him but drain his sympathy,
All but our own fierce grief have we forgot.
We cry, "Canst thou not watch with us one hour?"
And, yet, aloof, we bow, a thing apart.
Grief-scarred, we have nor wish, nor will, nor power
To clasp our brother to our bleeding heart.
He who was closest may not reach the soul,
Shrouded and veiled, by anguish felled and slain;
How can he watch, unfainting, when the whole
That once was his responds to naught but pain?
We blame our brother, yet it is not he,
But our dead heart that makes Gethsemane!

CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON

For here have we no continuing city.

THE PRESENCE

I know rich churches where good Christians kneel,
Bowed down at gilded shrine in cushioned prayer,
While acolytes with incense fill the air
And deep-toned organs in the chantry peal.

The music seems to stir me and to steal
Upon my senses in that setting rare—
But somehow, I can never find Him there . . .
The Christ, the Presence, I can never feel!
But one cold evening, round a church's door,
I saw a straggling line of thin-clad men
Whose faces that dread look of hunger wore;
I saw them fed, set on their way again—
Hope dawned on faces that had known despair,
And made me feel, yes, *know*, the Presence there!

ROSELLE MERCIER MONTGOMERY

The peace of God, which passeth all understanding.

THE SPIDER

On the great bronze crucifix of a monastery garden

A weary crawl
Until she found a home.
There seemed a call
Indeed that bade her come
And search the Cross.
Why not another tree
With less of loss
In time and certainty?
Its bark was rough:
Why must she climb so high?
Not far enough
From earth, nor yet near sky?

She reached the Feet;
They did not give her rest.
No lodging meet
She found upon the Breast.
Closed Lips! But Eyes
Were opened! Glad surprise!
The Pupils, sculptured wells
Of safety, peace,
For her were holy cells
Of refuge.—Cease,
My Soul, and here abide,
Where spiders hide,
And Peter found the solvent for his pride!

HERBERT SEYMOUR HASTINGS

Hide me under the shadow of thy wing.

TO A LITTLE TWELFTH CENTURY FIGURE
OF THE CRUCIFIED CHRIST: THE
CROSS MISSING

Where is your cross, poor homeless One? I see
The piteous stretching of your hands and feet.
This is the gesture, somber and complete,
In bloodless bronze, of your long agony;
And where the nails that held you to the tree?
Here are the faint stigmata, cruel-sweet,
And in my heart there sounds the hammer's beat:
O Son of God, be crucified in me!

Come, walk my Calvary of womanhood,
Taste the wild hyssop of my hidden tear,
Wear my gay crown and know my laughing spear,

Call Magdalene in purple to my rood:
Hang, Christ that died for love, upon my pain,
Between pale thieves, the dreams that dream in vain!

LEONORA SPEYER

*Most gladly therefore will I
rather glory in my infirmities.*

THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES

Far, far the mountain peak from me
Where lone he stands, with look caressing;
Yet from the valley, wistfully
I lift my dreaming eyes, and see
His hand stretched forth in blessing.

Never bird sings nor blossom blows
Upon that summit chill and breathless
Where throned he waits amid the snows;
But from his presence wide outflows
Love that is warm and deathless!

O Symbol of the great release
From war and strife!—unfailing fountain
To which we turn for joy's increase,
Fain would we climb to heights of Peace—
Thy peace upon the mountain!

FLORENCE EARLE COATES

*The dayspring from on high shall guide
our feet in the way of peace.*

DOOMSDAY

Not on some dazzling peak beyond the last
Familiar star of our dear sky—not so
Doth God convict of sin; his nuncio
No flame-winged angel shivering the vast
Death-silence with intolerable blast.
However carelessly our feet may go,
Crushing his blossoms, sullyng his snow,
There comes a moment when the soul, aghast,
Strikes on his condemnation. It may be
Only a bird's distrust, a child's clear gaze,
The fresh, faint crystal of a dawn whose rays
Are arrows. Thus He giveth us to see
Our far-away from love and purity,
Building his judgment-throne on common days.

KATHARINE LEE BATES

He shall bring all things to your remembrance.

A PRAYER FOR THE SPIRITUAL UNION OF MANKIND

War has failed to end war:
Diplomacy has failed to end war:
Only ties of the Spirit infallibly unite.

Therefore we pray for
The divine alliance of nations.

Eternal God, Father of all souls:
Grant unto us such clear vision of the sin of war

That we may earnestly seek that cooperation between
nations
Which alone can make war impossible.

As man by his inventions has made the whole world
Into one neighborhood,
Grant that he may, by his cooperations, make the whole
world
Into one brotherhood.

Help us to break down all race prejudice.
Stay the greed of those who profit by war, and
The ambitions of those who seek an imperialistic con-
quest
Drenched in blood.

Guide all statesmen to seek a just basis
For international action in the interests of peace.
Arouse in the whole body of the people an adventurous
willingness,
As they sacrificed greatly for war,
So, also, for international good will,
To dare bravely, think wisely, decide resolutely
And to achieve triumphantly. Amen.

HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

That we may be one people.

A GLASS DARKLY

*Dost Thou not see about our feet
The tangles of our erring thought?
Thou knowest that we run to greet
High hopes that vanish into naught.
We bleed, we fall, we rise again;
How can we be of Thee abhorred?
We are thy breed, we little men,—
Have mercy, Lord!*

EDGAR LEE MASTERS

CALVARY

I walked alone to my calvary,
And no man carried the cross for me.
Carried the cross? nay, no man knew
The fearful load that I bent unto,
But each as we met upon the way
Spoke me fair of the journey I walked that day.

I came alone to my calvary,
And high was the hill and bleak to see,
But lo, as I scaled its flinty side,
A thousand went up to be crucified!
A thousand kept the way with me,
But never a cross my eyes could see.

JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE

*For he supposed his brethren
would have understood.*

MAN-TEST

When in the dim beginning of the years,
God mixed in man the raptures and the tears
And scattered through his brain the starry stuff,
He said, "Behold! Yet this is not enough,
For I must test his spirit to make sure
That he can dare the Vision and endure.

"I will withdraw my Face,
Veil me in shadow for a certain space,
Leaving behind Me only a broken clue—

A crevice where the glory glimmers through,
Some whisper from the sky,
Some footprint in the road to track Me by.

"I will leave man to make the fateful guess,
Will leave him torn between the No and Yes,
Leave him unresting till he rests in Me,
Drawn upward by the choice that makes him free—
Leave him in tragic loneliness to choose,
With all in life to win or all to lose."

EDWIN MARKHAM

God spake on this wise.

SANCTA

Through endless change the record runs
Confused by all succeeding suns.
"Our Lord was rich; our Lord was poor;
In meekness bowed; in state secure."
And so our life is glibly shriven
And dull earth rimmed by a bastard Heaven.
But rich or poor are still but one,
And high and low are scarce begun,
While you and I must seek alone
The rugged path to the ancient throne.

HERBERT H. LONGFELLOW

*What house will ye build me? saith the Lord:
or what is the place of my rest?*

FACTORY CHILDREN

Here toil the striplings, who should be a-swarm
In open, sun-kissed meadows; and each day,
Amid the monstrous murmur of the looms
That still their treble voices, they become
Tiny automata, mockeries of youth:
To her that suckled them, to him whose name
They bear, mere fellow-earners of life's bread:
No time for tenderness, no place for smiles,—
These be the world's wee workers, by your leave!

Naught is more piteous underneath the sky
Than at the scant noon hour to see them play,
Feebly, without abandon or delight,
At some poor game; so grave they seem and crushed.
The gong! And foulness sucks them in once more.

Yet still the message wonderful rings clear
Above all clang of commerce and of mart:
"Suffer the little children," and again,
"My Kingdom is made up of such as these."

RICHARD BURTON

*Their angels do always behold
the face of my Father.*

THE GOLF LINKS LIE SO NEAR THE MILL

The golf links lie so near the mill
That almost every day
The laboring children can look out
And see the men at play.

SARAH N. CLEGHORN

Whoso offendeth one of these little ones—

THE BURNING

They piled the faggots at their feet,
They heaped them shoulder-high,
And angry-red the moon came up
Into a smoky sky—
And that is how, in Salem Town,
They burned the living lie.

There have been those who, daring less,
Have stood against the stake;
There have been martyrs who have heard
The heart of Pity break;
There were Ten Men who preached the Word
For Jesus Christ His sake.

Go gather wood and lay it straight,
And peal the village bell:
The fear of God is good to know
And burning flesh to smell.
Get back of me, and claim your own,
Ye ministers of Hell!

The righteous prayed beside their beds
To God who wore the Crown,
Saying, For this that we have done
Benignantly look down.
There are no witches left tonight
In quiet Salem Town.

Oh, it was fine and it was fair
To see the sight they saw
Under the pale, astonished stars
When Salem read the Law.
(There was no dog in Salem Town
Could find a bone to gnaw.)

And if we raise the gentle dead
And meet them eye to eye,
Shall they be brought to Salem Town
And made to testify
How Jesus moved a heavy stone,
Who was nailed up to die?

LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

In all their affliction he was afflicted.

VISTA

I, stabbed awake, have heard my land assailed,
Its greatness questioned darkly and dismissed
As something not yet proved, and spied nor hailed
As other than a haven on the list
Of this freebooter and that anarchist.
How long to them shall its true self be veiled,
As was the Christ who, in the crimson mist,
Shone in the glory of the light that failed?

What shall we do against the coming night?
Courage we have today, but do we move
Upward and onward eaglewise in flight,
Taloned yet loath to strike—and victor prove
On the great battlefield that yonder lies
Hushed as the thunder is in dreaming skies?

WILLIAM GRIFFITH

*Vengeance belongeth unto me,
I will recompense, saith the Lord.*

STILL THE CROSS

Calvary is a continent
Today. America
Is but a vast and terrible
New Golgotha.

The Legion (not of Rome today)
Jests. The Beatitudes
Are called by our new Pharisees
Sweet platitudes.

We tear the seamless robe of love
With great guns' lightning-jets;
We set upon Christ's head a crown
Of bayonets.

"Give us Barabbas!" So they cried
Once in Jerusalem:
In Alcatraz and Leavenworth
We copy them.

With pageant and with soldiers still
We march to Golgotha
And crucify Him still upon
A cross of war.

O blasphemous and blind! shall we
Rejoice at Eastertide
When Christ is risen but to be
Recrucified?

E. MERRILL ROOT

To him for a possession and his seed after him.

LINCOLN

A martyred Saint, he lies upon his bier,
While, with one heart, the kneeling nation weeps,
Until across the world the knowledge sweeps
That every sad and sacrificial tear
Waters the seed, to patriot mourners dear,
That flowers in love of Country. He who reaps
The gift of martyrdom forever keeps
His soul in love of man, and God's own fear.
Great Prototype benign of Brotherhood—
Incarnate of the One who walked the shore
Of lonely lakes in distant Galilee;
With patient purpose undismayed he stood,
Steadfast and unafraid, and calmly bore
A Nation's Cross to a new Calvary!

CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON

Precious in the sight of Jehovah is the death of his saints.

FROM FIFTY YEARS, 1863-1913

Full well I know the hour when hope
Sinks dead, and 'round us everywhere
Hangs stifling darkness, and we grope
With hands uplifted in despair.

Courage! Look out beyond, and see
The far horizon's beckoning span!
Faith in your God-known destiny!
We are a part of some great plan.

Because the tongues of Garrison
And Phillips now are cold in death,
Think you their work can be undone?
Or quenched the fires lit by their breath?

Think you that John Brown's spirit stops?
That Lovejoy was but idly slain?
Or do you think those precious drops
From Lincoln's heart were shed in vain?

That for which millions prayed and sighed,
That for which tens of thousands fought,
For which so many freely died,
God cannot let it come to naught.

JAMES WELDON JOHNSON

*The Most High dwelleth not in temples
made with hands. What house will ye build
me, or what is the place of my rest?*

THE CLOCK WILL STRIKE

How petty, then, the *me* above the *you*,
The birthmark moles of race and shade and breed.
There is no sacred watermark of hue
Between us, when the skin is pricked to bleed.
One may be branded with a younger face,
Closer to tree-tribes out of yesterday:
Today, for all the strut of strength and place,
They shall like brothers form tomorrow's clay.

Men slowly learn it is a twisted pleasure
To feed and drink upon another's loss;
Nor can man build again one breathing treasure
Shattered on scaffold, battlefield or cross.
The clock will strike the hour when we may slay
When lips learn to blow life within the clay.

CLEMENT WOOD

One God and Father of all.

A PROUD SONG

The saints who love the Crucified
Are humble, for their wealth is great;
They may go royally arrayed
In colors of their high estate.

But I, who am no saint at all
And poor in every priceless thing,
Put on a draggled coat of pride
That I may face the world and sing.

Oh, I would gladly lay it by
As cumbersome and ill to bear,
But, Father, pity poverty—
I have no other coat to wear.

MARGUERITE WILKINSON

And I said, What shall I do, Lord?

THE SOLDIER

I

Down some cold field in a world unspoken
the young men are walking together, slim and tall,
and though they laugh to one another, silence is not broken:
there is no sound, however clear they call.

They are speaking together of what they loved in vain here,
but the air is too thin to carry the thing they say.
They were young and golden, but they came on pain here,
and their youth is age now, their gold is gray.

Yet their hearts are not changed, and they cry to one another,
"What have they done with the lives we laid aside?
Are they young with our youth, gold with our gold, my brother?
Do they smile in the face of death, because we died?"

Down some cold field in a world uncharted
the young seek each other with questioning eyes.
They question each other, the young, the golden-hearted,
of the world that they were robbed of in their quiet
Paradise.

II

I do not ask God's purpose. He gave me the sword,
and though merely to wield it is itself the lie
against the light, at the bidding of my Lord,
where all the rest bear witness, I'll deny.
And I remember Peter's high reward,
and say of soldiers, when I hear cocks cry,
"As your dear lives ('twas all you might afford)
you laid aside, I lay my sainthood by."
There are in heaven other archangels,
bright friends of God, who build where Michael destroys,
in music, or in beauty, lute-players.
I wield the sword; and, though I ask naught else
of God, I pray to Him: "But these were boys,
and died. Be gentle, God, to soldiers."

HUMBERT WOLFE

*That the life of Jesus might
be made manifest in our body.*

WHERE IS THE REAL NON-RESISTANT?

Who can surrender to Christ, dividing his best with the
stranger,
Giving to each what he asks, braving the uttermost danger
All for the enemy MAN? Who can surrender till death
His words and his works, his house and his lands, his eyes
and his heart and his breath?

Who can surrender to Christ? Many have yearned toward
it daily.
Yet they surrender to passion, wildly or grimly or gaily;

Yet they surrender to pride, counting her precious and
queenly;
Yet they surrender to knowledge, preening their feathers
serenely.

Who can surrender to Christ? Where is the man so tran-
scendent,
So heated with love of his kind, so filled with the spirit
resplendent
That all the hours of his day his song is thrilling and
tender,
And all of his thoughts to our white cause of peace
surrender, surrender, surrender?

VACHEL LINDSAY

*But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace,
longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness,
temperance; against such there is no law.*

O BLACK AND UNKNOWN BARDS

O black and unknown bards of long ago,
How came your lips to touch the sacred fire?
How, in your darkness, did you come to know
The power and beauty of the minstrel's lyre?
Who first from midst his bonds lifted his eyes?
Who first from out the still watch, lone and long,
Feeling the ancient faith of prophets rise
Within his dark-kept soul, burst into song?

Heart of what slave poured out such melody
As "Steal away to Jesus"? On its strains
His spirit must have nightly floated free,

Though still about his hands he felt his chains.
Who heard great "Jordan roll"? Whose starward eye
Saw chariot "swing low"? And who was he
That breathed that comforting, melodic sigh,
"Nobody knows de trouble I see"?

What merely living clod, what captive thing,
Could up toward God through all its darkness grope,
And find within its deadened heart to sing
These songs of sorrow, love and faith, and hope?
How did it catch that subtle undertone,
That note in music heard not with the ears?
How sound the elusive reed so seldom blown,
Which stirs the soul or melts the heart to tears?

Not that great German master, in his dream
Of harmonies that thundered amongst the stars
At the creation, ever heard a theme
Nobler than "Go down, Moses." Mark its bars,
How like a mighty trumpet-call they stir
The blood. Such are the notes that men have sung
Going to valorous deeds; such tones there were
That helped make history when Time was young.

There is a wide, wide wonder in it all,
That from degraded rest and servile toil
The fiery spirit of the seer should call
These simple children of the sun and soil.
O black slave singers, gone, forgot, unfamed,
You, you alone, of 'all the long, long line
Of those who've sung untaught, unknown, unnamed,
Have stretched out upward, seeking the divine.

You sang not deeds of heroes or of kings;
No chant of bloody war, nor exulting pæan

Of arms-won triumphs; but your humble strings
You touched in chord with music empyrean.
You sang far better than you knew; the songs
That for your listeners' hungry hearts sufficed
Still live,—but more than this to you belongs:
You sang a race from wood and stone to Christ.

JAMES WELDON JOHNSON

Why is light given to a man whose way is hid?

THE RIVETER

(For Gustav Davidson)

The steam-shovels had sunk their teeth
Through earth and rock until a hole
Yawned like a black hell underneath,
Like a coal-crater with all the coal
Torn out of her: the shovels bit
The stinking stony broth—and spit.

The Wops went up and down; they spilled
Cement like a groggy soup in chutes;
They mixed the mortar and they filled
The gash with it. . . . Short swarthy brutes
They were, who reeked of rock and wet
Lime and accumulated sweat.

At first the work was tame enough:
Only another foundation like
Hundreds before and just as tough

To stand under a ten-ton spike.
But it was different when a whirl
Of steel announced the riveter.

One long lad of them took the crowd
As he straddled the girders and hooked the nuts
Livid-white hot: and we allowed
He was the lunatic for guts;
The sidewalk bleachers yelled as he
Speared a sizzler dizzily.

They got to call him the "Rivet Ruth"—
That crisp corn shock of gusty hair,
That blue hawk-eye and devil of youth
Juggling with death on a treacherous stair,
Tipping his heart on a beam of steel
That made his pavement audience reel.

The riveting hammers stuttered and kicked;
The ten-ton trestles whined in the winch;
And still this golden Icarus picked
The hissing rivets by half an inch,
Twirled and nailed them on the spin
Out of the air and rocked them in.

And one fine sun-splashed noon he lunged
Over the stark deadline—and missed!
Swung for an instant and then plunged
While the lone insane rivet hissed
Him all the way down from truss to truss
And dropped beside its Icarus!

The old strap-hanger thumbed his paper;
Feet shuffled sidewalks; traffic roared . . .
Icarus had performed his caper—

Little New York minced by bored:
Leave the lads with the broken backs,
Soiled feathers and some melted wax!

JOSEPH AUSLANDER

*Now therefore ye are no more strangers
and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with
the saints, and of the household of God.*

PRAYER

O God, today
I cannot pray,
I cannot say,
"Our Father—"

I do not need a greater prayer,
I need a greater soul.

O God, another day
I'll pray,
"Our Father—"

MARY COCHNOWER

*After this manner, therefore,
pray ye, Our Father—*

EXILE FROM GOD

I do not fear to lay my body down
In death to share
The life of the dark earth and lose my own,
If God is there.

I have so loved all sense of Him, sweet might
Of color and sound,
His tangible loveliness and living light
That robes me 'round.

If to His heart in the hushed grave and dim
We sink more near,
It shall be well—living we rest in Him.
Only I fear

Lest from my God in lonely death I lapse,
And the dumb clod
Lose Him; for God is life, and death perhaps
Exile from God.

JOHN HALL WHEELLOCK

*There is one glory of the sun and
another glory of the moon.*

CREEDS

Creeds are like old thresholds
I have seen in France,
Worn to storied thinness
By the feet of reverence.

ARTHUR R. MACDOUGALL, JR.

*An offering and a sacrifice
to God for a sweet-smelling savor.*

FAITH

What if I say—

“The Bible is God’s Holy Word,
Complete, inspired, without a flaw”—

But let its pages stay
Unread from day to day,
And fail to learn therefrom God’s law;

What if I go not there to seek
The truth of which I glibly speak,
For guidance on this earthly way,—
Does it matter what I say?

What if I say

That Jesus Christ is Lord divine;
Yet fellow-pilgrims can behold
Naught of the Master’s love in me,
No grace of kindly sympathy?
If I am of the Shepherd’s fold,
Then shall I know the Shepherd’s voice
And gladly make his way my choice.
We are saved by faith, yet faith is one
With life, like daylight and the sun.
Unless they flower in our deeds,
Dead, empty husks are all the creeds.
To call Christ, Lord, but strive not to obey,
Belies the homage that with words I pay.

MAUD FRAZER JACKSON

*Not every one that saith unto me,
Lord, Lord, shall enter.*

AND WHAT SHALL YOU SAY?

Brother, come!
And let us go unto our God.
And when we stand before Him
I shall say—
"Lord, I do not hate,
I am hated.
I scourge no one,
I am scourged.
I covet no lands,
My lands are coveted.
I mock no peoples,
My people are mocked."
And, brother, what shall you say?

JOSEPH S. COTTER, JR.

Many that are first shall be last, and the last first.

TO MY SON

I hold that home is holier than church; for church is but
the place the Christ's grace visiteth
Upon occasion by appointment made; whereas at home one
needs but turn the head
To find him near enough to touch almost, the while one
sews or sweeps or sets the bread
To rise. Church is the form, but home's the very pulse
that animates the form, it is the breath
Without which breath the form is atrophied.
I go to church to offer my respect, as one goes humbly to
a well-loved grave

For memory's sake. Because the chivalrous Christ lived,
loved, and was crucified and died to save,
Not payment-wise for souls foredoomed to sin, but that all
men might heed
How the frail flesh may die for love of Truth, the world
well lost for Truth's divinity.

I think that Jesus' laughter must have been more beautiful
than tears of lesser men.
For me, I could not kneel to kings who have the pomp of
armies, robes of flowing red,
And all the childish trinkets proving power achieved by
trampling on the simple dead,
More kingly than their kings. My spirit's meek, my heart's
at prayer, my soul kneels only when
It knows that soul which was too great to need even the
comforts that the poor possess.
By every test the Christ is proven king, too kingly while
he lived to rise and press
Even his kingly claim but tenderly; enduring misconcep-
tion, now as then,
With but the will to love, and loving, wait.

Christ lives, I think, and speaks more poignantly by the
warm hearth than at the altar-rail;
Beside the still bed where the body breaks in the strange
several ways of birth and death;
In the hushed room where Love's old sacrament begins the
dream that one day blooms in breath
From yet another being, by Love invoked and unto Love
apprenticed ere the frail
Weak fingers are uncurled by separate life . . . Christ
lives in homes. I think he loved the light

That gilds the chimneys and the window-panes, and lingers
in the doorways overlong.
He heard the midnight cocks, the bells at dawn, the evening
wind that bears the woman's song
Whose children sleep amid the shuttered dark; she whose
belov'd finds surcease through the night
Within the sickle of her curved white arm, with which she
fells with such unfailing grace
The thorny undergrowth of present cares, immediate needs,
implanting in their stead
The flower of herself . . .
Keep holiest the lovely hearth, for Jesus breaketh bread
Wherever love is quick like fire to light the living beauty
of so blest a place.

AMORY HARE

As a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground.

PRAYER

Oh, for the simple faith today
Of you, young men I know,
Who find it easy to obey
And natural to go—
To see but one thing at a time
And not to reckon cost,
To count a victory sublime,
To let all else be lost!
I too can feel the singing urge
Of the thousand men combined,
I too could tingle on the verge
Of war and go it blind.

I turn to you, to all these men,
I hear your honest pride—
And then I turn to Him again
Who whispers by my side,
Insistent, quieter than you,
A wiser, older friend,
Saying: "They know not what they do—
Stay by me to the end."

WITTER BYNNER

*Forgetting those things which are behind, and
reaching forth unto those things which are before.*

TAKE NOT THY HOLY SPIRIT FROM US

I

Sigh and thunder, pause and roar—
Unwearied on the foam-laced shore
Since the changing tides began,
Speaks the ocean-voice to man.

How silently, ere man was made,
Up and down the long tides swayed,
Weaving under sun and moon
Song without meaning, word or tune.

II

Above the altar's silk and lawn
The lips of patience, sorrow-drawn,
Lean from the cross toward my heart;
Then in His sufferings have I part.

Of mortal sins the wounds divine
That racked His spirit, rescue mine.
Homeward in peace we go,—and see,
The unmoved sexton turns the key!
The dying Christ upon the rood
Hangs in unworshiped solitude,
And that which made God's mercy known
Is loveless carving, speechless stone.

III

If our thoughts of them can give
The sea its voice, the stone its word,
So in Thy thought of us we live!
Take not Thy Spirit from us, Lord.

JOHN ERSKINE

The mind of the spirit is life and peace.

WORK

Work! That makes the red blood glow,
Work! That makes the quick brain grow.
Plough and hammer, hoe and flails,
Axe and crowbar, saw and nails—
A splitter of rails,
Lincoln was never a snob or a shirk,
Thank God for work!

Toil that binds mankind together,
Day by day in every weather.
Pen and distaff, needle and thread,

Visions of wonder over her head,
A toiler for bread,
Joan of Arc was a peasant child
On whom God smiled.

Labor that God Himself has blest,
Honest endeavor that earns good rest.
Bench and hammer, nails and cord,
Hammer and chisel, plane and board—
Christ our Lord
Had a carpenter's horny hands,
He understands.

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

*The fire itself shall prove each
man's work of what sort it is.*

FREEDOM CONSIDERED

Freedom, considered, seems to be
Only another boundary,
And liberty a picket fence
With one small gate of common sense
And pointed palings of control
Marking the meadow of the soul.
And if in time my fence and gate
Seem insolent and obdurate,
And if rebelliously I lean
Over the gate or look between

The palings and grow keen for some
Unending jaunt to Kingdom Come,

I shall remember in my wrath
I set the posts, I nailed the lath,

And built this sturdy fence to be
My own preferred austerity.

HARRIET SAMPSON

*Who shall tell thee words whereby thou
and all thy house shall be saved?*

MADNESS

She called from her cell,
"Let me give you a rose,"
To the cold tract-man
In his Sabbath clothes.

And the tract-man said
To the one gone mad,
"How can you give
What you never had?"

"As you give Christ,"
The madwoman said,
"While love in your heart
Lies cold and dead."

HARRY LEE

And I said, Who art thou, Lord?

IMMORTALITY

Dost live? Then thou immortal art.
But what of those who conquer not?
Who drift with neither helm nor chart—

Superior not to self nor sense
Nor circumstance? Who even here
Know naught of life? Do they go hence?

Are they immortal either now
Or after death? Nay, God is good,
And in His wisdom doth allow

To towering oak, to tiniest flower,
A place within His circling care,
To bloom, to fade—a day, an hour.

But conquering souls who with Him bear
His life, His cross, His sepulchre—
Who from their scarred and dead self dare

To roll the mighty rock and rise—
These are with Him immortal, yea,
These here or there with conquering eyes

Have passed the grave—they have no part
With death—they live! And dost thou live?
Then thou, thou too, immortal art.

GERTRUDE HUNTINGTON MCGIFFERT

*Christ Jesus, who abolished death,
and brought life and immortality to light.*

THE CLUE NOT FOUND

If we but knew, O life,
If we but knew,
Not thus would we half-hearted close the strife,
Ambiguous in aim, to nothing true!

Not thus with empty hands
Before the door
That leadeth darkly to the windy lands
Would we give down, forespent, perplexed, unsure.

August almost our day,
Yet in the blue
Of retrospect, how marred, how thrown away!
O unreturning life, if we but knew!

WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY

*That ye, being rooted and grounded
in love, may be able to comprehend.*

I KNOW NOT HOW THAT BETHLEHEM'S BABE

I know not how that Bethlehem's Babe
Could in the God-head be;
I only know the Manger Child
Has brought God's life to me.

I know not how that Calvary's cross
A world from sin could free;
I only know its matchless love
Has brought God's love to me.

I know not how that Joseph's tomb
Could solve death's mystery;
I only know a living Christ,
Our immortality.

HARRY WEBB FARRINGTON

*That your faith should not
stand in the wisdom of men—*

A Harvard Prize Hymn: from *Rough and Brown*.

THE PILGRIM

Man comes a pilgrim of the universe,
Out of the mystery that was before
The world, out of the wonder of old stars.
Far roads have felt his feet, forgotten wells
Have glassed his beauty bending down to drink.
At altar fires anterior to Earth
His soul was lighted, and it will burn on
After the suns have wasted on the void.
His feet have felt the pressure of old worlds,
And are to tread on others yet unnamed—
Worlds sleeping yet in some new dream of God.

EDWIN MARKHAM

For our God is a consuming fire.

THE SEAMLESS GARMENT

GRACE

*Give us Strength, our daily bread.
Teach us Wisdom, the bread of angels.
Kindle within us Love, the bread of life. Amen.*

JOHN ERSKINE

THE EEL

I have floated far too long on the surface of the wave,
Far too long upon the surface of the wave.
Better had I died and been buried in my grave
Than have floated on the surface of the wave.
Let me sink then as a stone, as a rock into the sea,
Let me hide me from myself, let me hide myself from Thee,
I have floated far too long, far too long and wantonly.

I have lain among the seaweeds, the dim flowers of the
 deep,
Half asleep amongst the flowers of the deep,
What sort of count, I wonder, of those hours did I keep
While I drowsed among the flowers of the deep?
Let me drop then as a stone, as a rock into the sea,
Let me tumble to destruction in a stricken misery,
Be frozen as my heart is; my heart to His heart's plea.

From the deeps there let me cry, and when smothered by
 the wave,
Entirely hid and smothered by the wave,
Let me cry, and hear my cry, my cry to Thee to save,
When my bones are knocked together by the wave.
Let me rise then as an eel, as an eel up through the sea
Let me creep unto His feet to lie there patiently
Until His eyes of mercy are turned with love on me.

EVAN MORGAN

*There hath no temptation taken
you but such as is common to man.*

CREDO

I cannot find my way: there is no star
In all the shrouded heavens anywhere;
And there is not a whisper in the air
Of any living voice but one so far
That I can hear it only as a bar
Of lost, imperial music, played when fair
And angel fingers wove, and unaware,
Dead leaves to garlands where no roses are.

No, there is not a glimmer, nor a call,
For one that welcomes, welcomes when he fears,
The black and awful chaos of the night;
For through it all—above, beyond it all—
I know the far-sent message of the years,
I feel the coming glory of the Light.

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

At midday, O King, I saw in the way a light.

THE HEART GROWS OLD

I

I have come back at last to the old home
After long days of absence. It was here
That in my burning youth I loved and sang,
And all that I have loved and lost is here;
And still the meadows and the woods are dear
And beautiful—though now to me they are
Less beautiful, less dear.

Earth and her dreams remain forever young,
It is not beauty that grows old, but I:
The moon floods the pale cloud, and from the grass
The cricket sounds the endless song—but I
Am silent. Listen!—it is the owlet's cry.
O heart of mine, what distance have we come
Since last we heard that cry!

II

Earth and the ancient joy are ever young—
When has she changed, for all her many days?
The cloudy banners of her hope are hung,
Spring after spring, through all the woodland ways.

The meditations of the secret earth
Are steadfast and enduring: these remain—
Her sacramental rites of death and birth,
And the old mysteries of love and pain.

Time and the years like wandering clouds go by:
The moon still floods the wood, and from the hill
The cricket lifts the immemorial cry—
And the immortal joy is flowing still.

The everlasting song is still unsung,
And the eternal tale is never told:
Earth and the ancient joy are ever young,
It is the heart that withers and grows old.

JOHN HALL WHEELLOCK

*I am the living bread which came down from heaven:
if any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever.*

SONG FROM THE FIRE-BRINGER

Of wounds and sore defeat
I made my battle stay;
Winged sandals for my feet
I wove of my delay;
Of weariness and fear,
I made my shouting spear;
Of loss, and doubt, and dread,
And swift oncoming doom
I made a helmet for my head
And a floating plume.
From the shutting mist of death,
From the failure of the breath,
I made a battle-horn to blow
Across the vales of overthrow.
O hearken, love, the battle-horn!
The triumph clear, the silver scorn!
O hearken where the echoes bring,
Down the grey disastrous morn,
Laughter and rallying.

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

And he shall be my son.

THY KINGDOM COME!

Now in the east the morning dies,
The full light of the splendid sun
Strikes downward on our lifted eyes
And the long journey is begun:
Across the shattered walls
A voice prophetic calls,
With tumult and with laughter
We rise and follow after.

The modern world, immense and wide,
Awaits us, huger than before,
With new stars swimming in the Void,
And Science broadening evermore
The sweep of the limitless Vast,
The Past is dead and past;
Yet through it all forever
One voice is silent never.

'Mid iron wheels and planets whirled,
The clanging city, in the street,
—The machinery of the modern world—
His lips cry loudly and entreat,
Like one that lifts his head
For a second time from the dead
—Out of the Ages' prison
The new Christ re-arisen!

O holy spirit! O heart of man!
Will you not listen, turn, and bow
To that clear voice, since time began
Loud in your ears, and louder now?
Mankind, the Christ, retried,

Recrowned, recrucified;
No god for a gift God gave us,
Mankind alone must save us.

Will you not hear Him? Reach your hand!
From factory, tenement and slum
His voice pleads vainly in the land,
Ah, heart of man, the time has come!
The voice of Cain that wailed
Grew sorrowful and failed,
But a new voice rings deeper,
"You *are* your brother's keeper."

O world, grown pitiless and grim!
O world of men, had you but known
Your brother is your Christ, through him
You must be saved and him alone!
Love for his sorrows—love
Alone can lift you above
The pain of your misgiving,
The doom and the horror of living.

Within ourselves we must find the light
And in ourselves our gods to-be,
Not throned beyond the stars of night;
Here, in America, we must see
The love of man for man,
The new world republican—
A heaven, not superhuman,
Reborn in man and woman.

Forward! Truth glorifies, not kills
The ancient marvel of the soul,
Each new progression but fulfils
That wonder; the wheels of the world that roll

Thundering, but proclaim
God with a louder name;
Science, revealing, rehearses
But vaster universes.

Though the dark veil of dusk and doom
You strip from off the Soul of things,
Though with new torches through the gloom
You hunt Him on untiring wings,
And in the starry space,
You shall not find his face;
A voice comes following after
Out of the dust with laughter.

The Vision—the Ideal—the God—
Not anything ever may destroy.
Then let us follow, winged and shod
With love, with courage and with joy;
Herein alone is the truth,
The glory and fire of youth,
Herein all high endeavor,
Forever and forever!

JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men.

THE PLOUGHMAN

God will not let my field lie fallow.

The ploughshare is sharp, the feet of His oxen heavy;
They hurt.

But I cannot stay God from His ploughing,
I, the lord of the field.

While I stand waiting,
His shoulders loom upon me from the mist,
He has gone past me down the furrow, shouting a song.

(I had said, it shall rest for a season.
The larks had built in the grass . . .)

He will not let my field lie fallow.

KARLE WILSON BAKER

The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof.

THE PROPHET

Into a world of Blood and Flame
The Prophet with his Voices came.

And the Battle stopped and the People said:
"For ourselves, our children, and our dead!"

And he journeyed by sea in times of awe
To write in a Temple the Book of the Law.

But (housed with Greed, and Feud, and Wit)
New worlds of Blood and Flame he writ. . . .

With the Prophet's Voices the People in wrath
Scourged the Prophet from their Path.

With the Prophet's Voices themselves they wrought
The Book of the Law whereof he taught.

For out of the People, blind and dumb,
The Prophet's Voices, unknown, had come.

WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

Who is wise, he shall understand these things.

THE LITANY OF THE DARK PEOPLE

Our flesh that was a battle-ground
Shows now the morning-break!
The ancient deities are downed
For Thy eternal sake.
Now that the past is left behind,
Fling wide Thy garment's hem
To keep us one with Thee in mind,
Thou Christ of Bethlehem.

The thorny wreath may ridge our brow,
The spear may mar our side,
And on white wood from a scented bough
We may be crucified;
Yet no assault the old gods make
Upon our agony
Shall swerve our footsteps from the wake
Of Thine toward Calvary.

And if we hunger now and thirst,
Grant our withholders may,
When heaven's constellations burst
Upon Thy crowning day,
Be fed by us, and given to see
Thy mercy in our eyes,
When Bethlehem and Calvary
Are merged in Paradise.

COUNTEE CULLEN

Greater love hath no man than this.

ABOVE THE BATTLE'S FRONT

St. Francis, Buddha, Tolstoi, and Saint John—
Friends, if you four, as pilgrims, hand in hand,
Returned, the hate of earth once more to dare,
And walked upon the water and the land,

If you, with words celestial, stopped these kings
For sober conclave, ere their battle great,
Would they for one deep instant then discern
Their crime, their heart-rot, and their fiends' estate?

If you should float above the battle's front,
Pillars of cloud, of fire that does not slay,
Bearing a fifth within your regal train,
The Son of David in his strange array—

If, in his majesty, he towered toward Heaven,
Would they have hearts to see or understand?
. . . Nay, for he hovers there tonight we know,
Thorn-crowned above the water and the land.

VACHEL LINDSAY

*O foolish people, and without understanding;
that have eyes and see not.*

CORONAL

Lo, the peoples,—all of them—
Form our planet's diadem,—
Men and women, hand in hand,
Circling, linking land to land.

Like a garland round her head,
See them, yellow, white and red,—
Sombre-hued and fair and dun,—
As she dances round the sun.

Pale or dusky though they be,
Yet she flaunts them equally,
Proud of all of them, afraid
Lest a single blossom fade.

Flowers, twine in friendship true!
Buds be plenty, briars few!
So the wreath that now adorns
Ne'er becomes her crown of thorns.

ERNEST HOWARD CROSBY

*He will dwell with them
and they shall be his people.*

HUMILITY

Into this world, and a cry in the night
Was all that I owned;
Forth through this world with a secret delight
That the Deity loaned.
Out of this world with the color and light
On the old hills that knew me;
The balance is paid, and a cry in the night
Is all that is due me.

AMORY HARE

Give us this day our daily bread.

MERCY

"He took your coat away?
Then go and fold
Your cloak around him too,
Lest he be cold.

"And if he took from you
Your daily bread,
Offer your heart to him
That he be fed.

"And if you gave him all
Your life could give,
Give him your death as well
That he may live."

WITTER BYNNER

*Give to him that asketh thee, and from him
that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away.*

FROM AFFIRMATION

"And yet at last, when all is said and done,
Where is the triumph, truly—to have been
Spectators of an immemorial scene,
And then hurried into oblivion?"
So speaks the mind, self-cheated, while the one
Splendor in every mind, however mean,
Works out Its purpose, secret and serene,
And through all living things under the sun.

His presence is the starry multitude,
And in us also surely He abides:
Our bodies are salt shores for the sharp flood
That through creation rises and subsides
With ebb and flow of everlasting tides
Or rhythms of the perishable blood.

JOHN HALL WHELOCK

Greater riches than the treasures of Egypt.

PICTURE SHOW

"Well, no. I never had religion . . . Shoot!
There jest warn't time. No time . . . with this big place
To tend." (On hilltops harried pines must root
Against the wind as best they can.) His face
Approved his acres. "Mebbe parson thought
My farm lay too far out for him. But, dreams,—
It ain't as though I hadn't *them!*"

He sought
Brown-handed, for his cob.

"Religion seems

To me like when my lad first saw a show,
Some movies; no more saw the screen than, say!
He whispered, 'There's the picture!' Well, I know,
And he knows now, the whole blamed picture play
Starts from a little room. Starts small! And light
An' someone workin' round jest magnifies
The picture till it's true! I 'low it might
Be wrong"—he gave me eager, shadowed eyes—
"But I play picture show with God. Pretend
My heart's that little room; pretend this piece
Of land, the orchards where I prune, the end
Of winter's like the screen. And then for these
I start the picture. I don't hardly pray—
God's busy with a bigger yield than me!—
Jest start the pictures in my heart, the way
I've dreamed 'em, not the way they are. I see
My south field sheaved, the russets in their bins,
That silo full . . . And, neighbor, workin' long
Each day,—an' somethin', somethin' else begins
To make the picture true! Why, that ain't wrong!—
How can it be when it's so comforting?"
His lips against the corn-cob bit went white.
"You'll laugh at this: but some nights when I bring
The cows from pasture, brushin' through the slight
Dark bracken, there's a voice, far off, says clear
And solemn, 'John, keep dreamin'!' Then I turn
To look and don't see no one; but the air
Comes sweeter than it could from trampled fern!"

DEANE WHITTIER COLTON

*Your companion in the kingdom
and patience of Jesus Christ.*

THE CRY OF THE PEOPLE

Tremble before thy chattels,
Lords of the scheme of things!
Fighters of all earth's battles,
Ours is the might of kings!
Guided by seers and sages,
The world's heartbeat for a drum,
Snapping the chains of ages,
Out of the night we come!

Lend us no ear that pities!
Offer no almoner's hand!
Alms for the builders of cities!
When will you understand?
Down with your pride of birth
And your golden gods of trade!
A man is worth to his mother, Earth,
All that a man has made!

We are the workers and makers.
We are no longer dumb!
Tremble, O Shirkers and Takers!
Sweeping the earth—we come!
Ranked in the world-wide dawn,
Marching into the day!
*The night is gone and the sword is drawn
And the scabbard is thrown away!*

JOHN G. NEIHARDT

*Not having received the promises
but having seen them afar off.*

HYMN TO LABOUR

They are living the poems we write,
They are doing the glories we sing—
Diggers of ditches and builders of roads,
Toilers who carry humanity's loads,
Mothers who give with no thought of return,
Daughters who help them and fathers who earn,
Sons who endure in the dust of the fight,
Are *living* the poems we write.

They are living the sermons you preach,
Minister, prophet and sage;
You who would summon your gods to the earth,
Blind to the sum of humanity's worth;
You who are praying for angels again
To rescue a planet now peopled with men . . .
See how the humblest of all you may teach
Are *living* the sermons you preach!

They are doing the deeds you inspire,
They are brave as the angels are brave;
Drivers of engines and hewers of wood,
Farmers who labour to furnish us food,
Miners who suffer that we shall be warm,
Builders of houses that shield us from storm . . .
Prophet, behold how in letters of fire
They are living the deeds you inspire.

They are living the sagas and psalms,
They embody the terms we employ:
Sympathy, brotherhood, courage, control,
Strength of the spirit and joy of the soul.
Saintly, superior, humble and brave,

They are Christs and Messiahs whose souls we
would save.

And the hour is at hand when the mighty in turn
Shall listen to labour and learn!

ANGELA MORGAN

Ye are God's husbandry, ye are God's building.

THE DAY BREAKS

Man-made laws and doctrines pass,
Statesmanship is withered grass,
They who spake as sovereign gods
Now are mute as lifeless clods;
Some sure voice the world must seek—
Let the gentle Teacher speak.

Thrones are fallen; justice rules;
Foolish kings are kingly fools;
Royal pomp, which craved "the sun,"
Prostrate is as Babylon.
Love shall come to power again:
Lo, the Christ stands—let him reign!

Crushed is every king and czar—
Dead as all the millions are
Whom they slew in ruthless pride,
Swelling war's tumultuous tide.
Righteous God, the past forgive;
Kings are dead—O King Christ, live!

THOMAS CURTIS CLARK

Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today and forever.

FOREIGN MISSIONS IN BATTLE ARRAY

An endless line of splendor,
These troops with heaven for home,
With creeds they go from Scotland,
With incense go from Rome.
These, in the name of Jesus,
Against the dark gods stand,
They gird the earth with valor,
They heed their King's command.

Onward the line advances,
Shaking the hills with power,
Slaying the hidden demons,
The lions that devour.
No bloodshed in the wrestling—
But souls new-born arise—
The nations growing kinder,
The child-hearts growing wise.

What is the final ending?
The issue, can we know?
Will Christ outlive Mohammed?
Will Kali's altar go?
This is our faith tremendous—
Our wild hope, who shall scorn—
That in the name of Jesus,
The world shall be reborn!

VACHEL LINDSAY

*Who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness,
obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched
the power of fire . . . turned to flight armies of aliens.*

INMOST ONE

Brilliant and lone she sat
Upon eternal height
And veiled her face about.
She was in fear of sin,
She was in fear of deadly night,
I saw her eyes peer out.

I saw her eyes peer out
And knew she was divine,
But oh, her steadfast, dreadful gaze
And her importunate doubt!
She did not make me word or sign
Or turn away her face.

She did not make me word or sign,
But as she watched me err
Her eyes grew cold like the dark star
And her body ceased to shine.
I could not breathe, for the breath of her
Was frost of winter and fire of war.

Her body ceased to shine.
I dared not let her die.
I opened my heart to the sun
And I breathed her breath for mine.
Behold, that Inmost One was I,
And I was the inmost one.

I opened my heart to the sun.
O colour and line, and birth
Of wonder and word and light!
Through love and her I have won
The earth within the earth
And the sight that is more than sight.

O colour and line and birth,
Birth of an order new,
Of a life that is more than my own . . .
Birth that is your birth . . .
Birth in me of you
O God, brilliant and lone!

ZONA GALE

Heirs with him of the same promise.

RETURN TO EARTH

I have no fear at last to be,
Home with her that cradled me,
Nor shall my being shrink to blend
With her dark being in the end,—
So one we are, so well I know
The bounty of the heart below,
Her holy love. Have I not heard
The lonely and prophetic word
Her hushed hills and valleys keep
Locked in their eternal sleep!
In Bethlehem, in buried days,
So the sacred story says,
Out of her ancient dream awoke
The elemental heart, and spoke
Such thunder in the ears of men
As echoes ever after—then
Closed her lips in sleep again.

JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

*The throne of God and of the
Lamb shall be in it.*

IN MEMORIAM: S. C.

The sea tugged at his heart with all its tides,
Its colors and rhythms and tumults; and tall ships
Passing at dawn or pausing at twilight were always
In his eyes and his talk and at his fingertips.

He would show me drawings I only half understood:
Mechanical plans and charts of schooners and whalers,
Brigs and brigantines, luggers and galleys and galleons—
And salt was in his talk like the talk of sailors.

Beautiful, big-eyed, with rebellious hair,
I watch him in a stiff wind with his boat,
Letting her have it; and I watch him roping her
Down at the dock and the spray all over his coat.

And I watch him again at our sloshy old wharf with the
 rising
Wind and water sucking him out to sea;
And he gets in his boat and heads into the dawndrift
To chat with a certain captain from Galilee.

To show Him his charts and plans as sailor to sailor,
To speak as one seaman to another, observing
The beauty of ships, the bravery of men, the terrible
Glory of the gray gulls plunging and swerving.

Dead? This boy with the sea in his eyes and the morning
Still great and new in his blood like a trumpet with tones
Lavish and marvelous! Dead? With the sea birds crying
And the wind and the water crying in his bones!

JOSEPH AUSLANDER

Death is swallowed up in victory.

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY

Heaven is full of stars tonight; the earth
Lies hushed, as she shall lie some day, perhaps,
When life and death no longer trouble her—
No voice, no cry in the whole countryside.
The empty road rambles through field and thicket,
And in the road are prints of hoof and foot:
Along the surface of this lonely planet,
Now naked to the hunger of the stars,
Man and beast, on the old pilgrimage,
They passed together here—not long ago.

What was it they were looking for, I wonder,
Or if, themselves, they knew? Where were they going?
Footsteps—always footsteps going somewhere—
What country is it that they all are seeking,
Who up and down the world by night or day
Move with such patience, always to one end?

Not the least sound. Not the least leaf disturbs
The immemorial majesty of heaven.
Footprints—only footprints going somewhere . . .

Wherever they were going, they are gone.

JOHN HALL WHEELLOCK

*But now they desire a better
country, that is, an heavenly.*

THE OLD ENEMY

Rebellion against death, the old rebellion,
Is over; I have nothing left to fight;
Battles have always had their meed of music,
But peace is quiet as a windless night.

Therefore I make no songs—I have grown certain,
Save when he comes too late, death is a friend,
A shepherd leading home his flock serenely
Under the planet at the evening's end.

SARA TEASDALE

*A promise, being left us,
of entering into his rest.*

THE VICTORY

I shall take flight from death on sudden wings
In some swift song, he shall not have me here—
For all his cunning, all his snares and slings,
I shall escape him, whom I fear.

Then, though he wander through all woods and ways,
He will not reach to *me*, out of the strong
Net of these tangled nights and days
Escaped forever in a song.

But now my wings are broken and I hide
In this tall grass, to hear his foot go by
Stealthily, stealthily—
Searching the field on either side.

Heal me, O Time, and I will rise again
On swifter wings and for a surer flight,
Remembering this pain!
So, when he comes, he shall not find me here
By day or night—
But search forever, and in vain.

JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

We have an anchor of the soul both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil.

DEAR LORD WHO SOUGHT AT DAWN

1

Dear Lord, who sought at dawn of day
The solitary woods to pray,
In quietness we come to ask
Thy presence for the daily task.

2

O Master, who with kindly face
At noon trod in the market-place,
We crave a brother's smile and song
When mingling in the lonely throng.

3

Thou wearied Christ at eventide
Renewed upon the mountain side,
Restore us with thy mystic might
Before the falling of the night.

Strong Pilot, who at midnight hour
 Could calm the sea with gentle power,
 Grant us the skill to aid the bark
 Of those who drift in storm and dark.

HARRY WEBB FARRINGTON

When thou prayest enter into thine inner chamber.

SPIRITUS SANCTUS

A Hymn for Whitsuntide

Spirit from whom our lives proceed,
 In whom is strength, through whom is power,
 Be with us in this blessed hour
 With gifts according to our need.

Wisdom we need, to tread aright
 The paths our feet have still to learn;
 And understanding to discern
 The way that leadeth into light.

Counsel we need and ghostly strength
 To conquer Satan and his wiles,
 And though a smiling world beguiles,
 Steadfast to tread our journey's length.

Knowledge and godliness are Thine:
 O hear our prayer, and make them ours!
 That neither pride in all its powers,
 Nor sloth, may quench the light divine.

But most, O mighty Breath of God,
We pray Thee for the holy fear
That in dread reverence holds Thee dear,
And marks the path Thy saints have trod.

O Breath of God! be Thine the praise;
Be Thou the glory and the grace,
Until in our Redeemer's face
We read the meaning of our days. Amen.

HOWARD CHANDLER ROBBINS

*When he, the Spirit of Truth,
is come, he will guide you.*

I HEARD IMMANUEL SINGING

(The poem shows the Master, with his work done, singing to free his heart in Heaven.)

This poem is intended to be half said, half sung, very softly, to the well-known tune:

"Last night I lay a-sleeping,
There came a dream so fair,
I stood in Old Jerusalem
Beside the temple there—" etc.

Yet this tune is not to be fitted on, arbitrarily. It is here given to suggest the manner of handling rather than to determine it.

(To be sung)

I heard Immanuel singing
Within his own good lands,
I saw him bend above his harp.
I watched his wandering hands

Lost amid the harp-strings;
Sweet, sweet I heard him play.
His wounds were altogether healed.
Old things had passed away.

All things were new, but music.
The blood of David ran
Within the Son of David,
Our God, the Son of Man.
He was ruddy like a shepherd.
His bold young face, how fair!
Apollo of the silver bow
Had not such flowing hair.

(To be read very softly, but in spirited response)

I saw Immanuel singing
On a tree-girdled hill,
The glad remembering branches
Dimly echoed still
The grand new song proclaiming
The Lamb that had been slain;
New-built, the Holy City
Gleamed in the murmuring plain.

The crowning hours were over.
The pageants all were past.
Within the many mansions
The hosts, grown still at last,
In homes of holy mystery
Slept long by crooning springs
Or waked to peaceful glory,
A universe of kings.

(To be sung)

He left his people happy,
He wandered free to sigh
Alone in lowly friendship
With the green grass and the sky.
He murmured ancient music
His red heart burned to sing
Because his perfect conquest
Had grown a weary thing.

No chant of gilded triumph—
His lonely song was made
Of Art's deliberate freedom;
Of minor chords arrayed
In soft and shadowy colors
That once were radiant flowers:
The Rose of Sharon, bleeding
In olive-shadowed bowers:—

And all the other roses
In the songs of East and West,
Of love and war and worshiping,
And every shield and crest
Of thistle or of lotus
Or sacred lily wrought
In creeds and psalms and palaces
And temples of white thought.

(To be read very softly, but in spirited response)

All these he sang, half-smiling,
And weeping as he smiled,
Laughing, talking to his harp
As to a new-born child:

As though the arts forgotten
But bloomed to prophesy
These careless, fearless harp-strings,
New-crying in the sky.

(To be sung)

"When this his hour of sorrow
For flowers and arts of men
Has passed in ghostly music,"
I asked my wild heart then—
"What will he sing tomorrow,
What wonder all his own,
Alone, set free, rejoicing,
With a green hill for his throne?
What will he sing tomorrow,
What wonder all his own,
Alone, set free, rejoicing,
With a green hill for his throne?"

VACHEL LINDSAY

*And I heard a voice from heaven as the voice of
many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder;
and I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps.*

I AM THAT I AM

If this were all thy space it is enough for thee,
Here mayest thou gain or lose Eternity,
Each particle of earth, each drop in lake and sea
Alone belongs to Me.

If this be thy last night, it is enough for thee,
If even thy last hour, smile in tranquillity,
Each particle of time, of space, belongs to Me;
I am Infinity.

I am, and thou art not: thus tells thy memory.
Alone, thou canst do naught for thy security—
Left to thyself thou diest. Look on Me
And learn humility!

EVAN MORGAN

God is greater than our heart—

INTERROGATE THE STONES

Do you think
Death is an answer then?
Ah, to the How, the When,
Ah, to the hardest word.

But—have you heard
That other endless asking? Have you seen
The stale ironic question lean
At evening from a window-place
To face
The coming in of night, or stand
Where the sea breaks upon the broken land
Hour by hour listening?

Have you not seen
Old bones lie motionless between
The olives on the Tuscan hill
And still
Unanswered—still?

And do you think
Death is an answer? Do you think the Ask
O ask no more O ask
Nothing, the hand upon the mouth, the mask
With broken eyes—that thus
Death answers us?

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

*And Jesus said, Are ye also
yet without understanding?*

PANDORA'S SONG, FROM THE FIRE-BRINGER

I stood within the heart of God;
It seemed a place that I had known:
(I was blood-sister to the clod,
Blood-brother to the stone).

I found my love and labor there,
My house, my raiment, meat and wine,
My ancient rage, my old despair,—
Yea, all things that were mine.

I saw the spring and summer pass,
The trees grow bare, and winter come;
All was the same as once it was
Upon my hills at home.

Then suddenly in my own heart
I felt God walk and gaze about;
He spoke; His words seemed held apart
With gladness and with doubt.

"Here is my meat and wine," He said,
"My love, my toil, my ancient care;
Here is my cloak, my book, my bed,
And here my old despair.

"Here are my seasons: winter, spring,
Summer the same, and autumn spills
The fruits I look for; everything
As on my heavenly hills."

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

*All things that I have heard of my
Father, I have made known unto you.*

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